

AMERICA'S WEEKLY MAGAZINE FOR RADIO LISTENERS

Radio Guide

TELLS WHAT'S ON THE AIR — ANY TIME — DAY OR NIGHT

5¢

Vol. III
No. 37

Week Ending July 7, 1934
North Atlantic (1)

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"Inside" Story by
WARDEN LAWES
of Sing Sing

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Ruth Cornwall
in Finding "DEATH
VALLEY DAYS"

"SEA WOLF"
Police Thriller
From Real Life

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Our "Poor" Forefathers

By Frederick Landis

How the folks back in 1776 would have celebrated the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, if they had had radios as we have them now and the glad tidings could have been broadcast all the way from Georgia to New England!

As it was, very few of the people knew anything about it for a long time, those in adjoining colonies to Pennsylvania not getting the news for weeks and the most remote colonies not hearing about it for months.

Communication was almost impossible and the PEOPLE WERE STRANGERS to one another.

When George Washington set out from Mount Vernon to attend the first Colonial Congress at Philadelphia, it took him three days to make the trip, and when the members set out from Boston, it was a journey of weeks, and when the patriots came up from the Carolinas and faraway Georgia, it was a matter of weary months.

Communication Slow

And all the time these rugged forefathers were on their way, they knew nothing of what was happening in front of them or behind them, save as they met fellow travelers who handed them news which was very stale.

Even as late as the war of 1812, as you may possibly recall, Andrew Jackson fought and WON THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS several weeks AFTER THE WAR HAD BEEN ENDED by the treaty, signed at Ghent.

In our day, a senator from the Pacific slope flies to Washington in twelve hours, one sixth the time it took Washington to ride horseback from Mount Vernon to Philadelphia and whereas Washington while en route wondered what was going on, THE FLYING SENATOR from the Pacific slope is IN CONSTANT COMMUNICATION with the world by the radio on the plane which bears him above the clouds.

Before the adoption of the Declaration of Independence there was great indecision on the part of the members of the Continental Congress because they did not know how the people back home felt about the idea of severing all ties with England.

In our day, the radio would end all their doubts in a few minutes.

And when the actual voting occurred, several members declined to cast their ballots because they were bound by instructions, issued one year before!

Essential to Government

One can appreciate the utter lack of anything like a united public opinion when one remembers that members were not willing to vote for independence without positive instructions, though actual warfare had been going on for more than a year!

In other words, REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT IS IMPOSSIBLE unless the representatives can know what the people want them to do and WITHOUT MEANS OF COMMUNICATION they cannot know.

If Radio had been here in revolutionary times, the Declaration of Independence would have been adopted without any delay and in all probability before 1776.

All of the sessions of the Continental Congress were held behind closed doors and all were enjoined to absolute secrecy, and this led to an amusing incident.

One of the delegates from Georgia was suspected of being a traitor and charged with divulging the proceedings to British sympathizers in Philadelphia, whereupon he was accused but denied the charges and immediately disappeared.

The rest of the members of the Congress believed he was

hurrying back to Georgia to tell the British governor everything, so another member of the Georgia delegation started after him on horseback, but before either of them reached Georgia, the people of that colony had chased the British governor to a ship off shore.

If there had been any radios at that particular time, it would not have been necessary for the loyal Georgian to chase the disloyal Georgian, for with one broadcast, people would have been on the alert, all the way from Philadelphia to Savannah.

There was a lot of drama in the SECRET PROCEEDINGS of that gallant band of colonists, who did not hesitate to pledge "their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor" when THEY SIGNED THE CHALLENGE which meant war with the greatest nation in the world.

Sage Overlooks Something

The oldest of them was Benjamin Franklin, and the fact that there were no radios then was due entirely to Franklin, for he had done all the inventing for the colonies and most of the inventing for the rest of the world, but somehow he overlooked Radio.

Throughout the sessions of the Congress he did much to keep the spirits of the members high, for he had a rare sense of humor. He was particularly fond of Thomas Jefferson, the tall, gangly mountaineer of thirty-three years who had written the Declaration of Independence.

He comforted Jefferson during the sessions of the Congress as the members made changes in the Declaration.

JEFFERSON WAS A GENIUS with the pen, but he was no speaker and during the consideration of his Declaration he did not utter one word in its defense!

This work he left to John Adams, of Massachusetts, who had a choice vocabulary and A LIBERAL SUPPLY OF ORATORICAL LIGHTNING!

How the country would have rocked with laughter if the radio could have brought them the incident of the flies from the near-by stable which bit the statesmen through their silk stockings that hot summer day and caused them to hurry to a conclusion.

Humor Not Lacking

And how the colonies would have cheered when John Hancock signed his name to the Declaration and said: "Now gentlemen, we must all hang together" whereupon Benjamin Franklin replied: "Yes, we must all hang together—or we shall all hang separately!"

Nothing better than that will ever go out over any radio!

And how the widely SCATTERED MILLIONS WOULD HAVE THRILLED as the old man in the steeple of Independence Hall rang Liberty Bell and the people sang and shouted and the cannon boomed forth the birth of the Republic!

And yes, after the war was on in earnest, how the fighting Continentals would have been aided by radio!

As it was there was little or no unity of action; each army operated independently, knowing little or nothing of the fate of its comrades, and the country knowing little or nothing of the desperate straits to which Washington was reduced when he advanced twenty thousand dollars of his own money to carry on the war!

Had the people known, it would have been a different story.

Should we have another war, RADIO WILL BE ON GUARD!

Radio Goes to Jail

By Warden Lewis E. Lawes
Of Sing Sing Prison

By Exacting Payment-in-Obedience for the Privilege of Tuning-In On World Events, Warden Lawes Has Accomplished Wonders with His Convict Charges

Radio nowadays is helping to heal the warped and twisted minds of penitentiary inmates. Modern prison officials, by permitting prisoners to listen to music and other carefully selected forms of radio entertainment as a reward for good conduct, are teaching increasing numbers of life's moral derelicts to "play the game" with society. Consider the recent heavyweight championship fight as an example of the virile, clean programs that are helping convicts to reform:

The thrilling news poured out of the microphone, bringing a glow of appreciation to the ears of thousands of listening prisoners. The cells stirred restlessly as the announcer's voice cascaded over the wires, announcing to this shut-in world that a new heavyweight champion had been crowned.

For weeks the prisoners had been looking forward eagerly to this moment. As a general rule programs are announced only a week in advance, but knowing of the tremendous interest in the hearts of the prisoners for this sporting event, I had informed them far in advance that, barring unforeseen occurrences, they would be allowed to listen to the fight.

In my estimation the use of radio in prisons is one of the greatest forward social movements of the decade. It is a privilege tremendously appreciated by the prisoners and serves more effectively than any other medium in re-shaping their twisted lives.

Radio keeps their minds active and away from the brooding, bitter thoughts which usually eat out the hearts of prisoners.

Before the use of radio became a feature in Sing Sing, I waged a bitter fight here and in Albany between two widely separated factions—those who believed in over-pampering convicts, and the hard-boiled old school which believed implicitly in an unduly severe course of prison routine. The latter group was horrified at the mere suggestion that this latest offspring of science be employed in an effort to rehabilitate the unfortunate debtors to society. The former group, over-zealous in their efforts to obtain legislation favorable to the prisoners, took the other extreme and fought for an unrestricted use of the airways.

It took many patient hours of bickering before I was able to reconcile these two factions and mold the present radio system now in use.

A master receiving set has been installed in the east wing of the institution. It is from this spot that the programs are tuned in and out. All the cells except those in the death house where the corridors are equipped with loud-

speakers have been wired with earphones. Through this medium it is possible to control all programs perfectly. Surprisingly enough, the doomed convicts, with the shadows of death relentlessly stalking through their cells



Actual photograph of the interior of a cell at Sing Sing. Note the ear phones on the convict's head, while he enjoys his favorite radio program

every moment of the day, appreciate this human gesture.

Radio, more than any other influence, helps to distract their minds from the ticking of the clock which inexorably dooms them to a scheduled fate. The only time that the reception is culled out is when an execution is scheduled. The turning on of such tremendous bursts of electricity at such times makes radio reception well-nigh impossible.

Thus, when a prisoner pays the supreme debt to society, the cells are cloaked in a deep silence.

Gerald Curtin, a young teacher and former college man, is in command of radio in Sing Sing. Curtin, who is Director of Entertainment, each week selects a well-rounded program of broadcasts, subject to my approval. These program lists are printed and distributed among the prisoners, thus giving them a line-up of the week's broadcasts.

The basis of selection is one of construction and entertainment value. All crime broadcasts and any reference to sex, are strictly taboo.

The broadcasts which most greatly interest this city of incarcerated souls are the news summaries. The tidings and events of the outside world are awaited avidly each day. This, of course, is easy to understand. Picture, if you can, the emotions of these men as the daily dramatic events of the world are brought to their ears—events, perhaps, which have occurred in their own states, possibly their own cities.

Sporting events, too, enthrall the interest of the prisoners. Major fights, such as the Baer-Carnera bout, and world series ball games, are the most cherished and prized events.

A case for the psychologists, perhaps, is the prisoners' interest in all organ recitals. The soothing tones



Warden Lawes, one of the country's leading criminologists

of this gentle musical instrument seem to penetrate and soothe the savage instincts of this motley army, among which are included murderers, thugs, thieves and strong-arm boys of the lowest strata of society.

The radio orchestras also have tremendous following here in Sing Sing. The men are rabidly partisan, and occasionally heated debates are heard in which the respective musical merits of Paul Whiteman and Abe Lyman are compared. Wayne King, Little Jack Little, Jack Denny, Vincent Lopez, Ben Bernie and Rudy Vallee are other maestros who command favorable followings.

The use of radio in Sing Sing is a matter of privilege. Naturally, the convicts have to pay some price for the possession of such a cherished bounty. The asking price is a matter of obedience.

Prisoners who break rules, become surly and unruly and otherwise are unmanageable, do not participate in the use of the cell earphones. As a general rule several days of enforced radio silence make them docile and eager to comply with all the regulations of the institution.

I am happy to relate that since this system has been in vogue, the morale and behavior of the prisoners has rocketed skyward.

Since radio arrived in Sing Sing, fear has vanished almost entirely from the breasts of the inmates. Fear of harsh treatment has been allayed in the souls of these men. Even a rat, cornered, will fight like a lion, but happily all this has been more or less abolished by placing radio on a payment-by-obedience plan.

The social benefits attached to the use of radio in prison are tremendous.

It brings these outlawed souls closer to the outside world. It affords them immeasurable satisfaction in knowing that they are listening to the same type of program as are folks at home.

It serves to keep their minds active and on an even keel.

They are permitted to hear the greatest interests for good—music, timely and educational debates, world events, and the learned opinions of the world's great minds.

In short, due to the tremendous benefits of radio, they emerge from the confinement of prison walls with just that much more chance to be a benefit to society as a whole.

Unless they are beyond reclamation, inmates prove that months and years of listening, earphones clamped to ears, absorbing all the influences for good and decency, have not been wasted.

The cost of equipping and wiring the thousands of cells has been tremendous, but all in all the expenditure has been worth while. I know of no other entertainment and educational medium that could make a better return in reclaimed souls.

As Warden of this prison I am extremely proud of the achievement of radio here. Sing Sing was among the first institutions to try the experiment. Since then many other penitentiaries have followed suit, with similar favorable results.

The results achieved in reclamation are beyond the monetary calculation. Only a Higher Power can balance the books.



Warden Lawes at his desk—in an atmosphere as far removed from association with prison as ingenuity can make it

Along the Airialto

By Martin Lewis

The question most frequently asked by persons outside radio probably is: "How do you get on the air?" Frankly, I don't know any formula, but perhaps the experience of an obscure Western singing team which goes under the name of "The Kings' Men" will answer the question better than I might. Here's the story:

Several weeks ago, Paul Whiteman was called to Denver by the sudden and serious illness of his mother. He made the trip hurriedly, and remained by her bedside until she was out of danger. During the time he was there he did as most radio stars do—idly he turned the dials of the handiest radio set.

One day—the day before he started East—he tuned-in a little local station. He never even heard of the station before. But before he had listened for two minutes, his ears were glued to that loudspeaker, and he listened with raft attention until the program signed off.

"You have just listened to 'The Kings' Men,' the announcer intoned, 'and this is station—!'"

Whiteman jotted down the name of the team and the name of the station, on the back of an envelope. When he returned to New York, he wrote to the station in question and asked them to send him recordings of "The Kings' Men." The recordings arrived, and Whiteman listened. He had the members of his band listen. They agreed that "The Kings' Men" were sensational.

"You'll be amazed!" he told me the other day. "Wait 'til you hear these boys. They'll be stupendous."

So next week Jack Lavin, representing Whiteman, will hop into a plane at Newark airport, and twenty-four hours later, if all goes well, the signatures of "The Kings' Men" will be on a Whiteman contract, and the boys will be packing to come to New York and big time radio.

That's one way to make the grade.

BEST LAUGH OF THE WEEK: Ed Lowry's short, which played last week at the Radio City Music Hall



Joy Hodge, songstress with Carol Loffner and his orchestra from San Francisco, heard over a CBS-WABC network every Saturday night

in New York, is called, (could it have any significance) "Curing the Ham"!

JUST BY WAY of proving that a big name does not make a radio program, here is a startling piece of information that leaked out to one of my operators, despite frenzied efforts on the part of a sponsor to keep it quiet:

Since Al Jolson left the NBC variety program, which he built up during the past winter for a well merited vacation, the popularity of the program has risen sharply and steadily in the Crosby report—generally accepted as the most reliable barometer of listener appeal.

Now do not misinterpret what I write—I am not seeking to belittle Jolson, for everyone admits that he did one sweet job last season. But what happened was that the sponsor's effort to strengthen the program during his absence just happened to hit that elusive target—public interest. The program has been going over big.

Tough luck it is for Jolson, though, because when he returns he will be limited to a couple of song numbers only. The sponsor, with the favorable reports that have been received, does not want to upset the present balance of the show—not even for a Jolson.

JOE PENNER wanted to go abroad this summer. He knew he'd have a radio vacation, and if he could only get away from the vaudeville stage, he planned to sail overseas and see Europe. Besides, he reasoned, an ocean voyage would be a swell tonic after a tough season such as he's had.

He got a vacation from radio all right, and he arranged his vaude bookings so that the European trip would be possible. But then popped up a Hollywood movie offer that was too tempting to turn down—so the European trip was called off.

However, Joe managed to work in the ocean voyage anyway. When he returns from the vaudeville engagement he is playing in Washing-

ton, he will spend four days shopping and attending to other personal details in New York, then board a boat for the trip to the coast by way of the Panama canal. You might gyp Joe out of the trip to Europe, but nobody is going to do him out of that ocean voyage he promised himself. His mind is made up to that.

WHEN TIM RYAN and IRENE NOBLETTE and their cast showed up at NBC for their "Going to Town" program the other Saturday night, they were notified that their broadcast would be cancelled so that NBC could air the adjournment of Congress.

This was the situation at 9:30, but at two minutes before ten NBC learned that Congress wouldn't adjourn after all.

Pages rushed frantically after Tim and Irene, but they had left the studio, and so had the cast, so a studio orchestra had to fill in the half hour period from 10 to 10:30.

Studio Chatter

AT THIS WRITING negotiations are being made for Paul Whiteman to put on a lavish full hour sustaining show over the NBC networks on Saturday night . . . Clara, Lu 'n' Em will take a month's vacation from the ether waves starting early in August. Incidentally, the girls will guest star on the Palmolive show Tuesday night . . . Feenamint will not pick up their option and return to the air with George Gershwin . . . Maestro Jack Berger is presenting a new vocalist, Jimmie Harkins, on his NBC broadcasts . . . Due to the illness of W. C. Fields, the funny man of the movies, auditions are being held up for the "Carefree Carnival" which Campbell Soup is interested in sponsoring. Fields is to be added to the cast of the West Coast show. However, Ted Fiorito's band will make the music . . . Signing of Block and Sully for the Autumn by that gasoline company means that the pair of comics will not be part of Eddie Cantor's stock company when he returns to the air next fall . . . Joe Cook again postponed his departure for Hollywood—until August . . . Beatrice Fairfax fades from the air June 30, but it is likely that the advises to the Lovelorn will return in the fall . . . The Dick Webster who plays in Jimmie Grier's orchestra heard on the Hall of Fame and Jack Benny Shows from the coast, is a brother of Vera Van, the CBS songbird . . . Vivienne Segal has been renewed for another 13 weeks on the Phillips show . . . Columbia will broadcast Abe Lyman's music from a north Jersey shore resort twice weekly during the summer . . . "Ukelele Ike," also known as Cliff Edwards, is auditioning for a return engagement on CBS. (Continued on Page 27)

Reviewing Radio

By Martin J. Porter

From the week's mail comes a letter from Jacques Renard on his birthday:

"Dear Mike: I have read quite a lot this week about Dr. Willem van de Wall and his CBS broadcast, in which he demonstrated the effects of various types of music on the human mind—the same therapeutics that young David applied by playing his harp for the very blue king, Saul; the same remedy that Farenelli, the singer, applied to King Philip V.

"All of that is very true. But another cause of apathy in the radio audience, the same that causes discontent and indifference to entertainment, is the habit-forming propensities of listeners. I know in my own circle of acquaintances many people who follow a set routine every night, listening to the same things over and over—and subconsciously feed themselves up on radio.

"They might refresh their minds occasionally, and enjoy radio far more, if they went a-hunting and turned the dial for a fresh listen now and then. Why don't you and the Radio Guide start a crusade in this connection?"

A MISSIVE from Paul Whiteman came also last week:

"Dear Mike: I heard Will Rogers the other night,

and was not only amused but given food for thought when he pointed out that only a small percentage of listeners associate their favorite features with the sponsor's product. Rogers' own oil and gas, for instance, often may have been confused with the same type or products sold via the Ed Wynn route.

"I'm sure no listeners are deliberately careless about this, but it is only fair for them to make the proper identifications. I know that Rogers is right in his contention, for I have a trunkful of letters written by members of the audience, who congratulate me on 'my composition' of the 'Rhapsody in Blue,' which of course was written by George Gershwin. Many of them even offer to supply lyrics for it."

A NOTE from Frank Black is added to the week's receipts:

"Dear Porter: Maybe I should send this to Ripley, but then I know you better, and know you will take my word for it that it is absolutely true. All last week a woman has been applying to me for auditions. She claims she is a baritone. On every visit to the studio she wore a veil. When I heard her sing, I was forced to admit she was a baritone, but not a good enough one for radio. Who do you think she turned out to be? The bearded lady from a circus, so help me!"

FROM Jack Arthur came this:

"Dear Mike: Many times I have read your stuff when you got up on your hind legs about song plagiarism and copy-cat stuff. I don't want to discourage you, but I think it is interesting that in Vienna there has been a standing offer of \$25,000, for ten years, to the song-writer or composer who can produce eight bars

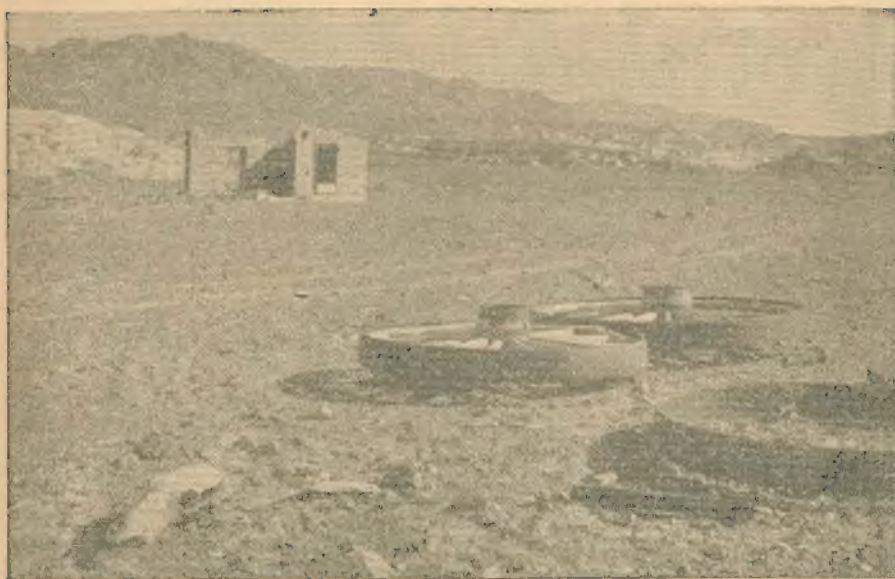
of original music. Although thousands of manuscripts have been submitted to the administering board, no one has been able to cop the prize. Everything so far submitted, has been traced back to some earlier work."

THE FOLLOWING letter (Continued on Page 19)

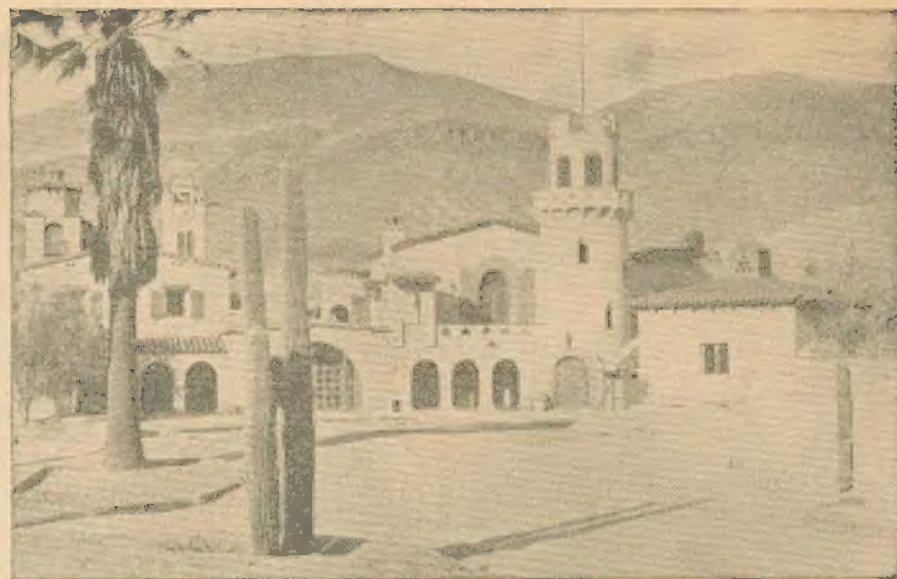


Ruby Wright, Charles Davis' vocalist, whose songs come over an NBC-WEAF network from the Hollywood Restaurant Mondays, and over an NBC-WJZ network Thursdays

Radio Guide, Volume III, Number 37, Week Ending July 7, 1934. Issued Weekly by Radio Guide, Inc., 351 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office, New York, N. Y., February 24, 1932, under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1934 by Radio Guide, Inc. All rights reserved. Editorial and Advertising offices, 351 Fifth Avenue, New York; Executive, Circulation, and Business offices, 423 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Illinois. M. L. Annenberg, President and Publisher; Herbert Krancer, 1st V. P. and Gen. Mgr.; M. Koenigsberg, Editorial Dir.; Barrett Andrews, V. P. and Adv. Mgr. Unsolicited manuscripts received only at owner's risk and should be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope for return. Five Cents per copy in United States. Subscription rates: six months, \$1.25; one year, \$2.00.



Scene in the Death Valley that comes to listeners' homes by radio



"Death Valley" Scotty's castle, a palace fit for a king built amidst desert waste

Death Valley Gems

It isn't often that an author has a chance to argue with the very characters he writes about—but Ruth Cornwall has just done it. She returned recently from a trip to California's romantic Death Valley, where again she met—and disputed with—those real, sun-dried prospectors whose names and true stories she writes into her "Death Valley Days." Her program has been broadcast weekly for the past five years and is heard each Thursday at 9 p. m. EDT on an NBC-WJZ network.

"The desert does something to those people," says Miss Cornwall; "something that seems to make them wise, and patient—and darned good story-tellers!" From them, she collected scores of new, true tales through which these dwellers of Death Valley link the modern world of radio to the roaring days of the old West.

"It's a man's country, with comparatively few women," said this slim, good-humored young woman who writes about it. "And for the most part, the desert women who are there work right along with the men. For example there is a woman prospector called 'Happy Days.' What her real name is, I don't know—and I doubt if there are many people who do. Her partner is a man—'Rocky Mountain' George. Together they go off prospecting for a month or two, working together just like two men. 'Happy Days' can pack a burro, shoot and work as well as any man. And when George shaves—which these desert men usually do two or three times a week—it's hard to tell which is which!"

To call one of these sun-wrinkled individuals a "fine drinking man" is to pay him the supreme compliment, Miss Cornwall says. And men still tell, with a grim humor that's as hard and lean as their bodies, the story of Jack Dent. Jack was a gambler—a good man, square shooter, and deep drinker. From one end of the desert to the other he was known as the man who wanted to die drunk. He repeated this wish whenever he was drinking, and at many other times. "When my time comes, I want to pass out cock-eyed," Jack used to say.

One Fourth of July, a bunch of the boys had a binge in the town saloon—and Jack, for once, didn't hold his liquor very well. In fact, he slid to the floor and snored, till his drinking companions lifted him to a pool-table, and stretched him out there.

But they weren't content to let poor old Jack lose out on the party. "He's a good fellow," they said sentimentally, so whenever a general round of drinks was downed, someone would take a bottle of beer, prop up Jack's head, put a funnel in his mouth and pour the beer into his throat.

When morning came, Jack was cold and stiff—and *drowned!* They had poured the beer into his lungs.

Naturally, the boys were very sad, till one of them said: "Poor old Jack—we'll, anyway, he got his wish. He died drunk!"

Why do people live in the desert? "You wonder why, when first you go out there," Miss Cornwall tells. "But after two or three weeks you feel the charm of the place stealing into your blood. The sun, the silence, and the vast amount of room make the spell of the desert no figment of romantic fiction, but a strong, steady pull from which it's hard to break away. Many men have gone in for just a short stay—and stayed for life. It's an utterly different world. You'd think you

Direct from the Source, Ruth Cornwall Takes Her Characters and Her Anecdotes for "Death Valley Days". Here They Are—as She Knows Them

were on some strange, bare planet, closer than ours to the heat of the sun. Someone who looked at the mountains, the salt and borax marshes and the twisted masses of brilliant rock, once said that it seemed as if nature had thrown a fit when this part of the earth was created!

"There are very few fat people there; for the most part, the sun has sucked every drop of surplus moisture from their bodies. Their wrinkled necks are pleated like accordions, and deep wrinkles draw in the corners of their sun-bleached, far-seeing eyes. Their speech is



John White, the Lonesome Cowboy of "Death Valley Days," photographed as he sang to his brothers while on a visit to their ranch in the territory of which he sings

slow, their words few—BUT anyone who regards them as freaks or oddities, or who tries to talk down to them, is due for a shock—for though their skins are dry, their wit is drier, and there is nothing they love so much as putting a bumptious tenderfoot in his place."

Johnny Mills, prospector, once had the job of guiding a visiting English nobleman around Death Valley and its environs. "But what did you call him, Johnny?" Ruth Cornwall asked, next time she saw him. "Did you call him Earl, or Lord, or what?"

"Well," Johnny drawled, his face a humorless mask,



Ruth Cornwall, responsible for the program that brings colorful people out of the West

"most generally I called him 'Lord,' but once in a while I forgot, and addressed him as 'St. Peter.'"

Some months ago, in an interview, Miss Cornwall described Johnny Mills as a "raconteur". A copy of the magazine in which this statement appeared, found its way into Johnny's hands. "What's this word mean?" Johnny would inquire, as for days afterward he wandered up and down the valley with the magazine. But nobody knew. Nobody in or around Death Valley could tell Johnny Mills what Ruth Cornwall really meant when she called him that funny word.

"Say," he said to her, the first time he saw her during her recent visit to the Valley. "I think you're a friend of mine." Miss Cornwall insisted that she was. "Well then," Johnny went on, "what's this you called me?" And he produced a battered tattered copy of the magazine. "Oh, that means 'story teller,'" Miss Cornwall explained. "You mean liar?" asked Johnny. "Oh, no," was the answer, "I mean that you tell a good story." Johnny looked relieved. "That's all right then," he said, "but it sure had me worried for awhile. Why d'ye suppose people use

big words like that, when smaller ones'll do just as well?"

Gallantry is the keynote of life in Death Valley, Miss Cornwall says. Life is hard there, and courage is needed to live it. And everybody, all the time, talks about making a strike—finding a mine. "It's in the air—it's in their blood—and pretty soon it gets into yours!" Miss Cornwall exclaimed. "After you're there about a month, you find yourself making up your mind that you, too, could find a mine, just as well as anybody else!" And with gallantry (Continued on Page 29)

Love Affairs of Myrt and Marge

Myrtle Vail, the "Myrt" of "Myrt and Marge," ran away from home at the age of fifteen to go on the stage. Her daughter, "Marge" of the famous air team, ran away from school during her fifteenth year because, as she wrote her mother, "I've decided to be like you are and go on the stage"...

Myrt's life with her husband, George Damerel, embraced a series of theatrical triumphs. They invested their savings in real estate, and suffered terrific losses with the depression. Their marriage tottered with their finances.

Marge married Jack Griffith. They had a son but the marriage didn't last. When Myrt's enterprise had landed her and Marge on the radio, Marge was free of matrimonial entanglement.

Then she met Gene Kretzinger.

He did. He seemed to know all about her. And he was not only good to look at. He was nice! This much Donna decided that first afternoon.

The rest came later, almost a year later, after Donna had received the final papers in her divorce from Jack Griffith.

Meanwhile, she saw him frequently at the studios. Several times, when a singing part was needed for "Myrt and Marge," Gene Kretzinger joined the cast as Gene Glenn.

In the spring of 1933 Myrt and Donna went to Hollywood to make their talking picture "Myrt and Marge." They visited young George, whom Myrt had sent to California to attend an exclusive military school and be near his father. They also saw the older George. That meeting crystalized certain ideas with which Myrt long had struggled. George Damerel was succeeding on his own, just as she was on hers. The team of Vail and Damerel irrevocably was split. Was it not better for both of them to break up also the team of Myrtle and George?

Yet she hesitated. The children adored their father. And a union of such long duration and so many happy memories is precious even in retrospect.

The picture "Myrt and Marge" was based on Myrt's radio program—two actresses in and out of difficulties, out of difficulties and into romance. Somehow Myrt was not particularly proud of that picture. But it played to enthusiastic audiences in every talkie palace throughout the country.

Donna stayed on in California for part of that summer, but Myrt hurried back to Chicago. She must be ready when the program opened again the following August. And she had a new idea. Why not give Myrt and Marge the additional appeal of a strange and exotic setting? Mr. Wrigley was impressed with the plan. He insisted that the locale should be first-hand and authentic.

With Bobby Brown, her director, and Mrs. Brown, Myrt set sail early in July for South America. That trip was one of the thrills of Myrt's eventful life.

Scarcely had the good ship *Southern Prince* steamed out of New York harbor, than the Salt Water Investment Company was formed in anticipation of a long, and possibly a dull, voyage. Its sponsors were Bobby Brown, John Hegeman, builder of Radio City, and "Dr. Scuss," the Ted Guisel who is responsible for the weird insects which adorn the bug-extermimator ads and pages of the comic magazines. They canvassed the passengers, sold shares at three dollars apiece and with the proceeds provided a varied program of entertainment throughout the trip. One of their first investors was Mrs. E. M. Gilmer, "Dorothy Dix" to the lovers, and first prize for the masquerade party went to a man in an umbrella, a bed-sheet and dark glasses, representing—three guesses—Mahatma Gandhi!

The *Southern Prince* sighted Cape Frio on July 27. Myrt and the Browns passed ten days in Rio de Janeiro, went on to Buenos Aires, Sao Paulo and Santos.

Strange people, strange customs, remnants of a dim past and landmarks of a history that is unfamiliar yet significantly connected with our own—all of this she saw. It was all new and exciting, rich copy for Myrt's busy pencil and cherished notebook!

Her biggest thrill, however, came when the party crossed the Andes. Myrt must fly across. The Andes loom 25,000 majestic feet in height, and the weather was none too propitious. But Myrt must fly, nevertheless. The Browns, not being so inclined, embarked on a Trans-Andean train and promptly were snowbound in Mendoza, Argentine, a tiny town in the foothills, which seems to make its living from just such misfortunes.

Myrt bravely stepped aboard a huge, Trans-Andean

By Louise Comstock

A New Series in the Narrative,
"Great Loves of Radio Stars"



Marge, costumed for her part in the air show, Hayfield's "Pleasures"

plane. One of her companions was Dorothy Dix, also out for the adventure of this trip. Gayly they started. High winds they encountered, air pockets as they rose over the foothills, and then snow. More snow. The plane was forced down in a tiny town nestling in the mountainside. Mendoza! And lo, here were the Browns to greet her! That was a laugh!

For a week they endured Mendoza, shut in by snow and icy crags, far from the rest of the world. For amusement they made a regular morning trip to the railway station and airport.

"Any chance of getting out?"

"Tomorrow!" Always tomorrow.

When the weather did clear, Myrt once more stepped aboard the plane. Would she let a snowstorm scare her out of the biggest thrill of her life? Not Myrt!

The Browns were told their train would leave at seven-thirty the next morning. It left at seven-twenty. But for their eagerness to depart, which brought them to the station some minutes early, they would have had another week in Mendoza!

The weather was not yet ideal for flying—always treacherous, the atmosphere over those superb 25,000-foot peaks. Several times it seemed they must seek refuge again in the unfriendly bosom of the great mountains. But they made the crossing. The excitement and terror of that trip Myrt put graphically into one of her recent scripts.

West of the mountains she awaited the Browns. Together they saw Montevideo and Santiago, Chile. They progressed up the coast, took a transport through the Panama Canal and so returned by way of New York.

Late that August, when "Myrt and Marge" again went on the air, listeners began to relive that trip with the two actresses.

And Myrt found herself confronted with a new chapter in that continuous drama going on away from the footlights and behind the microphone: Donna and Gene, two stars of radio, already blessed with success, looking together toward a future beyond depression, and very obviously falling very much in love with each other.

Did Myrt's thoughts turn to George Damerel in those days made bright by the reflected happiness of Donna? Toward the young George whom she had loved at sixteen, yes. But only to show her anew what she must do.

Donna was married to Gene Kretzinger on December 30. The crowds, gathered in front of the People's Church, on Chicago's north side, tried to make it a spectacular wedding. But they did not succeed. A few friends were there. Young George, sixteen years old and resplendent in uniform, had come from California to see his big sister get married. The Four Norsemen sang. Dr. Preston Bradley, whose sermons are broadcast each Sunday morning over WBBM, performed the ceremony. Immediately after, Donna's cousin, Evelyn Karrar, was married to Gene's brother Charles. A quiet, decorous wedding: four young people launching a new life with the new year.

The only spectacular thing about it was the sight of Donna walking slowly down the aisle on her mother's arm. Gray eyes and brown looked steadily, hopefully forward. Two good troupers enacted one more scene in the real drama behind the microphone. Myrt and Marge!

Of what was Myrt thinking as she walked that church aisle? Of the joy of youth, the beauty of love, the happiness that results when love can share work and success as well as kisses?

Two months later Myrt filed suit for divorce against George Damerel. The charges were desertion. She asked for no alimony, only for custody of their son.

The team of Vail and Damerel, once a combination to thrill theater-goers with anticipation and swell box-office receipts, was no more.

Ask Myrt about it. She will smile with pity at your lack of understanding. "There's nothing to tell," she will say. "We're still excellent friends. No, there's no other romance in the offing. I do not intend to marry again."

And she will add, her smile lending her words significance: "You must remember, George is still my children's father." Even the hectic processes of divorce procedure, even the fact that the greater part of the width of a continent divides them, cannot minimize the importance of this aspect of the team of Vail and Damerel.

As soon as their program was off the air for the summer, Donna hastened out to California to visit her dad. She returned only recently, and husband Gene journeyed out to his native Kansas City to meet her and accompany her the rest of the way back.

And now that his military school is out for the summer, young George is to leave California and visit his mother in Chicago.

Meanwhile Myrt is having a real vacation, the kind of a vacation she has long vainly imagined for herself and never before realized. South American tours are all right, too, Myrt will admit, but after all there's nothing like just staying home and putting up strawberry jam.

Her mother is spending the summer with her, and the apartment near Lincoln Park may be somewhat crowded when young George joins them, but Myrt doesn't mind.

Week-ends you have to accept invitations to visit these friends at this resort and those friends at their country place, but in between you are free to lounge around at home and try out new recipes.

And plan new scripts.

You can't take leisure in straight doses when you're in Myrt's profession. You don't want to. It's part of the vacation, planning the stories in which Myrt and Marge will return to the air next October 1.

The next chapter in the absorbing serial "Great Loves of Radio Stars" will be devoted to the romantic career of Morton Downey, the Irish lyric tenor who started life as a railroad "candy butcher" and became a foremost radio favorite overnight.

Who Shall Be Queen?

Election of the Queen of the Air for 1934 is by Readers' Choice. Have YOU Cast Your Vote?



Nominee Gale Page, who is heard every Tuesday Over an NBC-WEAF network, and every Thursday, over an NBC-WJZ network

The far-flung Radio Empire is preparing to do homage to its Queen!

Radio Guide's search for Her Majesty, the Queen of Radio for 1934, is well under way toward a smashing climax.

There are thousands of radio stars, but RADIO GUIDE's Cinderella Slipper will fit but one dainty foot. Whose will it be?

Will she hail from some little town and station to be wafted on golden wings into instant fame and fortune? Or will she be some established favorite?

THE REGAL RULER OF THE RADIO ROOST, 1934, MUST BE FOUND IN THE NEXT NINE WEEKS!

The coronation of the new Radio Queen will take place in all its pomp and splendor at the National Radio and Electrical Exposition, New York, next September.

She will be there because you have put her there. She will be there by popular acclaim.

This is not to be a dictatorship!

In the past, Radio Queens were placed on precarious pedestals by a minority group of individuals, which in no way reflected the wishes of the nation.

Thus, for the first time, THE VAST ARMY OF RADIO GUIDE READERS AND FANS WILL HAVE A DIRECT HAND IN SELECTING THE RADIO QUEEN OF 1934!

RADIO GUIDE BELIEVES IMPLICITLY IN THE INTELLIGENCE OF THE RADIO FANS!

As the official publication of the National Electrical and Radio Exposition, RADIO GUIDE has been entrusted with the task of discovering the Queen of Radio and bringing her to New York for the coronation.

Hundreds of thousands of the faithful will witness the triumphal coronation. The officials of the Exposition are planning a stupendous round of honors for the new Queen. As the regal guest of RADIO GUIDE, her expenses, and the expenses of a companion, will be paid

in full from the time she entrains for New York until she returns to her home after her coronation.

The dower rights of a Queen will go with the coronation! In addition to her transportation, RADIO GUIDE will defray all the expenses incidental to a golden round of entertainment, as well as hotel accommodations for the Queen. The expenses of her traveling companion also will be included in the generous budget which RADIO GUIDE has appropriated for the visitor.

From the four corners of the country the stream of votes already has started to trickle into the office of RADIO GUIDE. For the next nine weeks an augmented staff will be busy tabulating the votes so that the identity of Her Majesty, Queen of Radio, 1934, will be revealed in time for the Exposition's opening.

The ramifications of the contest are simple. Here is how the Queen will be selected:

The 229 newspaper radio columnists of the country have been invited by RADIO GUIDE to submit for nomination names of radio performers on stations in their vicinity. Each columnist may submit as many names as he wishes. There is but one qualification, namely, each nominee must have been a regular performer on a



Nominee Maxine Marlowe, the CBS star heard every Wednesday

York Evening Journal, Nick Kenny of the New York Daily Mirror and Aaron Stein, of the New York Evening Post thus far have selected: Rosemary Lane, Helen Mencken, Priscilla Lane, Leah Ray, Sylvia Froos, Jane Froman, Harriet Hilliard, Grace Hayes, Babs Ryan, Irene Taylor, Loretta Lee, Ruth Etting, Countess Olga Albani, Rosaline Green, Doris Robbins, Joy Lynne, Jane Pickens, Patti Pickens, Helen Pickens and Dorothy Page.

Other radio editors' selections follow:

Rocky Clark, radio editor, Bridgeport (Conn.) Post, picks: Harriet Hilliard, Leah Ray, Vera Van, Ramona, Irene Beasley, Grace Hayes, Gale Page, Annette Hanshaw, Virginia Rea and Gracie Allen.

Norman Siegal, radio editor, Cleveland Press, offers as his choice: Lee Wiley, Jessica Dragonette, Countess Olga Albani, Leah Ray, Sylvia Froos, Jane Froman, Rosemary Lane, Harriet Hilliard, Ethel Shutta, Gale Page.

This list, which will grow to tremendous proportions as the nation's other columnists are heard from, is not limited to network performers. Any girl, provided she was a radio performer previous to June 1, 1934, is eligible. Nominations can be made only by the columnists, or by the casting of ten reader ballots. In the event that your local radio columnist fails to make the nomination, stations may submit eligible artists.

The second ballot coupon is printed herewith. If one of the candidates nominated thus far by the radio columnists is your choice of Radio Queen, write her name in the ballot and send it to Radio Exposition Editor, RADIO GUIDE, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N. Y. If your favorite is not listed, write her name in the ballot anyway. She will be nominated if nine other voters cast ballots in her favor. Remember, you may cast as many ballots as you wish, providing they are sent in on official ballot forms and bear your authentic signature and your address. Select the new Queen!

YOUR VOTES PROVIDE THE SCEPTRE TO THE THRONE!



Nominee Leah Ray, singing with Phil Harris Friday evenings

radio station for three months prior to June 1, 1934.

In addition to the columnists' nominations, individual balloting on the part of radio listeners and readers of RADIO GUIDE will constitute a nomination. However, every candidate nominated by readers must receive at least ten listener-reader votes, cast on the ballot provided on this page. No candidate will be considered a nominee until ten votes have been cast. The ten votes will be counted in her total of votes.

Each week the nominations will be announced in RADIO GUIDE. At this point individual selection ceases. From then on the selection of the Radio Queen rests solely on the collective shoulders of the RADIO GUIDE audience. Her Majesty will be a ballot queen elected by votes which bear the ballot signatures of her subjects.

BEGIN YOUR VOTING IMMEDIATELY!

Radio editors "Mike" Porter, Aircaster of the New

Radio Queen Ballot

Joint Sponsorship of the National Electrical and Radio Exposition and Radio Guide

My choice for Radio Queen, 1934, is.....

My name is.....

I live at.....
(street and number)

.....
(city and state)

My favorite radio stations, in order of preference, are:

1 2 3 4 5

This convenient size will allow the ballot to be pasted on a one-cent postcard. Mail to Radio Exposition Editor—RADIO GUIDE, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City



Nominee Doris Shumate, St. Louis girl taking part in several programs over KMOX



Nominee Loretta Lee, star with George Hall's orchestra, now on vaudeville tour

Signposts of Success

Revealed by the Lines of Your Face

By "The Doctor"

Rudy Vallee's Recent Success in the Star of Stars Election Makes Him a Timely Choice for "The Doctor's" Character and Vocational Analysis



The photograph of Rudy Vallee from which "The Doctor's" analysis was made. Hear him Thursdays, NBC-WEAF

Rudy Vallee!—Here is a man, a gentleman without conceit and without love of power. I know that many people have called him conceited; but his photograph tells another story, when analyzed properly.

Mind you, there is a vast difference between conceit and self-esteem. Conceit is based on ignorance. Self-esteem is self-confidence in knowledge possessed. Mr. Vallee does have self-confidence, though not at all one which a man very much less of a celebrity would develop in similar circumstances.

The mental trait which has made Rudy Vallee is his intuition; his instinctive sensing of what the public wants and the way in which it could be presented most pleasingly. His intuition, large as it is, operates all the better because it is not in constant conflict with a high love of power and self-esteem. His personal feelings are really very shy. He has deliberately developed showmanship. I rather imagine that he sometimes now finds himself miserably lost in a maze of unpleasant but necessary exploitation.

In all faces the index of intuition is found in the nose, on the sides, down toward the base. There are many faculties in the nose, and necessarily they must all be small. But they are easily read when you know how. Notice those fullnesses on Mr. Vallee's nose, along the side, down toward the base, working down toward the tip.

Now, Rudy Vallee is artistic; yet he is also a good business man. Yes, he is an artist; that is self-evident. But he has considerable executive power. And that power helps him in the handling of the men in his orchestra, and in the many business deals which he necessarily must conduct. He has great endurance, without which he could never stand the numerous performances and continuous rehearsals which are requisites of his daily routine. He has a strong, vital tendency, and this at times can overshadow his good judgment. Often he allows his emotions to rule his reason.

With all of his engagements, he finds the energy to do many thoughtful and helpful things for others. There are many such cases, which Mr. Vallee chooses to carry out unsung and unpublicized, just for the satisfaction of helping those in need. This tendency has detracted from Rudy Vallee, the business man; but has made him the human, lovable philanthropist—artist and gentleman.

The one thing which is most damaging to the competent character-analyst is the person who has a mere smattering of the subject, yet believes he knows all about it. Such persons go around attempting to read character, when they are wholly incapable of such a practice. They make the mistake of classifying all

people as belonging in a certain place on a picture chart, and have the temerity to "analyze" their associates after ten minutes' study of the subject.

It is impossible to look at a man, say he has a concave or convex face or something equally as general, and immediately place him in a certain class, giving him all the attributes which your chart tells you that class should have.

I could give such inadequate lessons in my radio programs, telling people how to read character and find certain qualities in their own and their associates' faces; but that little knowledge is dangerous, and is worse than none at all. The only practical method is to trust your character reading to someone who is sure of accuracy—and to forget about generalization.

Following are some of the facts in Rudy Vallee's career, which in the main are exemplification of the tendencies and traits found in his face:

Rudy Vallee has one god and that god is the God of Knowledge. The crooner-maestro never goes off on a tangent; never attempts to develop half-baked ideas or futile ambitions. But when he desires to master a task, he doesn't rest content until his endeavors have been crowned with success.

He is a tireless taskmaster. Go to the men in his musical organization for proof of this statement. Some of his rehearsals have stretched to twelve and fourteen hours, long after other bandleaders would have thrown in the towel and gone off to look for relaxation. The reason for his untiring efforts at rehearsals is obvious—he hates slipshod work. He is the man to be satisfied, and his exacting nature demands perfection.

Oddly enough, Rudy achieved his first success in England. He quit Yale in 1926 to accept an offer from the Savoy Hotel in London, where his personality and his talent won for him the plaudits of the English and the applause of another exacting person, H.R.H., The Prince of Wales.

Returning to America, he astounded his friends and musical associates by turning his back on music. His ambition to increase his mental agility and his knowledge prompted him to return to Yale, where he received his degree two years later.

Armed with the Yale diploma, he returned to New York and music but this time his reception consisted largely of setbacks. He tried to sell himself and his band, but there were no takers.

The curly-haired Maine youth from Yale finally managed to get himself a spot in the Heigh-Ho Club. The management engaged him with some misgivings regarding music but with none, they thought, regarding his singing. His first contract stipulation was that he was to stay away from the megaphone and confine his endeavors to leading his musical organization.

With the Vallee determination, however, Rudy convinced the manager that he had "something on the ball," and the manager finally consented to permit him to try his voice. So a crooner was born.

A small station thenceforth carried the music to the outside world. After the first broadcast, telegrams, letters and phone calls began to arrive. Here was a new era of vocal rendition. Rudy's story is history.

Vallee's tastes and his quiet, unassuming character are reflected in his dress. He usually wears dark, conservative suits and coats.

Hits of Week

The musical tastes of the nation's bandleaders are as changeable as the sands of the desert. The song "All I Do Is Dream," far down in last week's bandleaders' list, made a rapid climb to head the current week's listing. The number "I'll String Along With You," while relegated to the runner-up position in the bandleaders' selections, jumped into the lead in the list of songs played most often on the air.

The weekly tabulation compiled by RADIO GUIDE is as follows:

BANDLEADERS' PICK OF OUTSTANDING HITS		SONG HITS PLAYED MOST OFTEN ON THE AIR	
Song	Points	Song	Times
All I Do Is Dream	25	I'll String Along With You	26
I'll String Along With You	22	All I Do Is Dream	26
Thanks for a Lovely Evening	22	Sleepy Head	23
Little Man, Busy Day	20	Little Man, Busy Day	23
Sleepy Head	17	Eyes Wide Open	21
Eyes Wide Open	16	Love Thy Neighbor	20
Fare Thee Well	16	Easy Come, Easy Go	19
Easy Come, Easy Go	16	Cocktails for Two	17
Moon Country	12	Love Go Wrong	17
Love Go Wrong	9	Fare Thee Well	16

Following are the bandleaders' selections (alphabetically listed):

Johnny Augustine: I Ain't Lazy; Little Man, Busy Day; All I Do Is Dream; Thanks for a Lovely Evening; Sleepy Head.

Johnny Green: All I Do Is Dream; Fare Thee Well; Sleepy Head; Eyes Wide Open; I'll String Along With You.

Clyde Lucas: All I Do Is Dream; Cocktails for Two; Beat of My Heart; A Thousand Goodnights; I'm No Angel.

Frankie Masters: Beat of My Heart; I Ain't Lazy; How Do I Know It's Sunday; Fare Thee Well; Sleepy Head.

Fred Waring: Little Red Barn; I'll String Along With You; Love Thy Neighbor; Thanks for a Lovely Evening; My Shawl.

Theme Songs that "Click"

"In the Modern Manner," that program of sophisticated music presented under the direction of the talented and versatile Johnny Green, is ushered into the consciousness of the radio listener to the theme tune of Green's own original composition. "In the Modern Manner," you must know, makes its bow to the airwaves every Friday from 9:30 to 10 p. m. EDT.

In the search for a theme song, a director-pianist-composer such as Johnny Green could hardly be expected to go further than his own works; especially since they have won the praise of exacting critics of modern music. The Green theme, therefore, was chosen from his own "Night Club Suite" which bears the somewhat ponderous sub-title, "Six Impressions for Orchestra with Three Pianos."

"Night Club Suite" was written more than a year ago. It was inspired by Paul Whiteman and written at the instigation of the famous and rotund maestro who has long been an exponent of modern music that is almost revolutionary. Since its composition, "Night Club Suite," with its descriptive fantasies and musical humor characteristic of scenes at a fashionable mid-night-supper rendezvous, has won widespread popularity.

It is a vigorous composition of six impressions titled as follows: "Linen and Silver," "Ladies and Gentlemen," "Table for Two," "Dance on a Dime," "Tango at Midnight," and "Corks and Bubbles."

The theme for "In the Modern Manner" is the love theme from the "Table for Two" impression. While the theme is robustly romantic, it lacks an impression of rowdiness evident elsewhere in the composition, notably in "Corks and Bubbles."

The "Night Club Suite" has been received enthusiastically by audiences of the radio networks. Paul

Whiteman's orchestra played it as a feature of his gala program in Carnegie Hall on January 25, 1933. He played it again, later, at Symphony Hall in Boston. It was made a part of an important concert in the famous Lewisohn Stadium in New York City last summer. It has been received with acclaim by audiences wherever it was played.

Meanwhile, its fame has spread, along with the fame of the young conductor. The British Broadcasting Company's Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Stanford Robinson, performed the suite recently for the English radio audience with gratifying response.

The highlight of the career of the composition was achieved when three impressions from the suite were dramatized on the initial "Voice of Columbia" program recently. The dramatization featured Georgie Jessel as the young East Side, New York, artist, and Francesca Lenni as the debutante. Their tangled love-affair, under discussion at a night-club table, is straightened out finally as the now husband-to-be orders champagne for the club, and the orchestra concludes with the "Corks and Bubbles" impression amid the crashing of cymbals and the popping of corks.

Of such prodigious effort was Johnny Green's theme song born.

From the torch songs of "Three's a Crowd," the Broadway hit that starred Fred Allen, Clifton Webb and Libby Holman, to the performance of a work by the most discriminating symphonies in the country, was the road traveled by the tunes of Johnny Green. But whether it was the glamorous Libby throatily chanting "Body and Soul" or the first violinist of the Philharmonic carrying the melody, the musical notes of the Green compositions made a hit.

Open Door to Beauty

By V. E. Meadows

Director of the Beauty Guild of the Air, with Years of Experience Beautifying Entertainment Stars. He is heard over the American Broadcasting System from WMCA

A base cream is not a vanishing cream. It is not a cold cream. It is not a tissue cream. It is a greasy cream, very thick; and it has a color. I mention all this to make a correction in what I said recently about base creams. The correct color of base cream and the correct color of face powder combined should match exactly the color of the skin, giving life to the skin if necessary, or subduing where necessary.

Base cream is the most important product for the protection of the skin. If put on in sufficient quantities for the length of time you are going to be exposed to the sun, it will prevent painful sunburn, horrible freckling and excessive and badly advised tanning of the skin.

Many women feel that they cannot use a base cream because they have tried various kinds and have always found their faces to be spotty or flaky, looking much as if their face powder were put on in spots. They also find that when they perspire, their makeup becomes spotty and their faces seem to have films around them.

This is not true if you get the right kind of base cream. It is also necessary for you to apply it correctly. First your face must be washed with soap and water to remove any surface oil or any application of cream that might have been put on the night before. The face must be made wet with skin tonic and then the base cream applied. As stated previously, it should be applied in six dabs—one on the forehead, the nose, the upper lip and the chin, and one on either cheek. Keep your hands wet with skin tonic and spread from the center of the face outward in either direction. I would like to warn you that the base cream is the foundation of your entire makeup and it must be applied smoothly.

The skin tonic helps this greatly.

After you think you have it on perfectly, look between the eyebrows, around the bridge of the nose, on the upper lip and on the chin. See if there is not a little excess cream. If there is, smooth it out, still keeping your hands wet with skin tonic. Your face should feel just a trifle moist and also a little sticky after the base cream has been applied. If you are going to be in the sun all day long, on the beach or in a boat, I suggest that you put on a very much heavier coat of base cream than you would ordinarily, and pat your face powder on quite a little heavier. You won't look so well but you certainly will be protected.

If you have been so unfortunate as to have allowed yourself to sunburn, or if any of your children or your husband have become sunburnt, I want you to think first of your base cream and apply it liberally to the sunburnt skin. Within fifteen or twenty minutes the fire will be gone, and in at least 65 per cent of the cases the skin will not peel but will tan.

For the naked arms for summer protection I suggest that you use finishing lotion. This can also be applied to the legs while bathing as it will not come off in salt or fresh water.

Again let me warn you: If you are going to be in the sun for a long time, put your application of fin-



Joy Lynne demonstrates, in a specially posed photograph, how Mr. Meadows' advice on makeup may be followed. Miss Lynne sings every Monday night over WJZ and every Wednesday night over WEAJ.

ishing lotion on a great deal heavier. Many people think it is a grand idea to go out in the summer time and get sunburnt, and some light blondes get the idea that a sun-tan makeup is becoming. First I do not think that a great deal of sun at one time is good for anyone. I am a firm believer in outdoor sports, lots of fresh air and a certain amount of sun; but not all at once.

I also believe that it is very much to your advantage to be your own type. That is, do not ever try to make up lighter or darker than you naturally are. It is always artificial looking and very bad taste.

Inasmuch as this article is one that grows out of the difficulties of keeping beauty unmarred in summertime, let me definitely warn you about your hair. I know that the average person takes less care of the hair in the summer than in the winter. Too much sun on the hair will discolor it very badly.

The regular shampooing of the hair is necessary every two weeks, and the regular brushing every day. The setting of the hair with a wave-set tonic such as I have described to you, non-gluey, non-alcoholic, is absolutely essential, for the hair dries out quickly in the summertime.

If you go in bathing and your hair gets wet, it is mighty bad for you, especially if you go bathing in salt water. The hair will have to be rinsed out with clean water, non-salty, after a soluble olive oil shampoo.

Your hair must be dried with towels each time it gets wet. This last statement does not give you a license to go in swimming and get your hair wet every day. I would much prefer that you attempt to keep your hair dry by the use of hair bands and caps rather than get it wet at all.

The following will answer a few of the numerous questions RADIO GUIDE readers have asked:

Q. Please advise me how to get rid of wrinkles. I have them under my eyes, and around my mouth.

A. I wish I knew. Many things are claimed to remove wrinkles. But since they have been formed by the break in the muscles under the skin, the skin merely is conforming to these indentations. I know of nothing, massaging or the application of any cream, that will remove wrinkles from anyone's face, as disappointing as it may seem.

The Dish I Like Best

By Bill Baar—"Grandpa Burton"

My favorite dish is Holland Fruit Soup—yes, Holland Fruit Soup. Most of my friends never have heard of it, and so far as I know, the recipe never has been written, but I like it, anyway. Maybe it's because my parents were born in Holland.

Here is the way my mother makes it: Wash three table-spoonfuls of coarse barley and then boil slowly in three quarts of water for an hour and a half. Stir often.

Then add a small cup of dried prunes, a cup of apricots, a half-cup of seedless raisins, three tablespoons of brown sugar and a small glass of claret wine. Boil it all together for half an hour until it reaches the proper thickness. That's all.

It may be enjoyed either hot or cold, and once you try it, you'll want to head for Holland—or did some one say in the opposite direction?

Hours to Come

They have signed a half-dozen of the biggest of big names for guest appearances on the Jolson program, including pianist Ignace Paderewski and Lawrence Tibbett. . . . The Greeks have an idea for it, with something brand-new on the airwaves credited to George Givot. On his new sustaining, he features, as you who have heard him recall, his restaurant "Acropolis No. 7." Providently, he has registered that trademark in Washington, and when the name becomes popularized he will sell it to a restaurant owner, thus for the first time putting a radio advertisement on a sustaining program before even the product has come into being. . . . And speaking of Givot, in the future his scripts will be written by Dave Freedman, who will receive more per script than Givot gets per sustaining broadcast. . . . The Eton Boys' new contract for "45 Minutes in Hollywood" extends to the end of the summer. . . . Tryouts out-of-town are being stolen from the stage by radio. Tastyest put the new "Dick Tracy" program on over station WBZ, Boston, to see what sort of response the act would bring. When the listener reaction was found to be favorable, they signed the program to go NBC three times weekly starting September 5. . . . When the Ex-Lax Big Show comes back to the air September 24, it will go on ten additional stations. . . . Teddy Bergman is booked for a vaude tour when he leaves Van Heusen Collar July 28. . . . Stealing a leaf from the book of ritzy magazine advertisers, a

Service Is the Function to Which This Department Is Devoted. Listeners, Radio Executives and Sponsors May Read Here Important Items of Coming Events—May Keep Informed About Programs to Come

sponsor offered Doris Duke, the world's wealthiest young woman, a fat fee to endorse its product on a network. . . . Gertrude Niesen's Big Show status for the coming fall was settled when she signed for twenty-six weeks with an option for twenty-six more. . . . Chase and Sanborn, sponsor of Jimmy Durante, are fuming over the opposition. First NBC put comedian Ed Lowry's hour program on its other web, on the theory that Lowry's and Durante's appeal differed, and the coffee company didn't become over-enthusiastic over that. But now, with the George Jessel CBS show heard during the same hour, listeners are being drawn from both Schnozzola and the former vaude M. C. . . . Johnny Green's Friday night "In the Modern Manner," one of the airwaves' most expensive sustaining shows, goes commercial in mid-July. . . . Jerry Cooper, who now is a three-a-week CBS shot, becomes a four-shot July 22, when he gets a Sunday program on the same web. . . . Bob Grant is augmenting his orchestra to 16 men for his engagement at the Brook Club at Saratoga during the coming race meeting, and he will air over a CBS wire from the upstate spot. . . . The placing of the Colgate House

Party on a week-to-week basis will not affect Donald Novis, who is under contract until fall, and if the sponsor decides to cancel the present show, Novis will work out the contract with a solo spot. . . . Paul Whiteman will re-sign Bob Lawrence, the Mystery Singer, and Jack Fulton. . . . Gertrude Berg will draw \$10,000 a week for that sixty-day vaude tour, but is tiffing with coast film studios over money. . . . Lennie Hayton will fly to the coast with Bing Crosby's brother Everett July 5, returning in time for his Ipana broadcast on July 11. . . . Ben Pollack's band, about to go on a barn-stormer, will audition for a radio sponsor in Cincinnati when the routing lands them there. . . . NBC and CBS both offered to take over Maxie Baer's show as a sustaining when the tire company dropped it to save money, but CBS was the high bidder, and now two sponsors are listening to recordings, ready to bid against each other. . . . Packard Motors are auditioning a program in which they were interested earlier in the spring. . . . "45 Minutes in Hollywood" goes off in August. . . . Don Voorhees will join the ranks of orchestra leaders who talk on programs as soon as the continuity can be arranged. . . . Budd (Stoopnagle and Budd) Hurlick will summer with his family in Great Neck, kept in the city by programs. . . . Centaur, sponsors of the CBS "Castoria Music Festival," has signed a fall and winter contract with Columbia for half-hour Monday, 8:30 p. m. broadcasts beginning September 3.

House Fly Pests and Their Menace to Health, Makes Doctor Wynne's Topic One of Seasonal Importance

Some time ago an experiment was conducted in

$$\{x_1, \dots, x_n\} \in \mathcal{X} \text{ if and only if } \{x_1, \dots, x_n\} \in \mathcal{X} \text{ and } \{x_1, \dots, x_n\} \in \mathcal{X}$$
[illegible]

Meter. The third echo of 1933 wedding-bells comes

Meter. Grace has a present for her George George Burns, of Burns and Allen birth-day on June 20—so Grace gave him a framed note something about Early to bed and early to rise, healthy, wealthy, healthy and wealthy.

each Bull and
are to include
r which heard

Re: HENRIKSSON. I know for the sake of the principle of days she has been carrying the best in co-

One dollar is paid for each Bull and Boner published. Be sure to include hour, date and station over which heard.

The Child's Hour

By Nila Mack

The Director of All Children's Programs for CBS, Devotes Her Attention to the Highly Strung, Tense Child

The nervous, high-strung and intense child is one of the major problems of child psychology. In the rearing of children there should be no room for this nerve-consuming and vitality-sapping condition.

High-strung parents many times beget children with the same fault. When such cases are presented, it takes months of loving guidance and care to relieve this unhappy tension. Unless corrected, it may lead to decidedly unbalanced behavior later in life.

Many parents note this condition in the early stages of the child's life and instead of commencing immediate corrective measures they overindulge the child, or perhaps take the opposite path of harping on tiny nerves that are already stretched to the breaking point.

It has been most interesting to me to note the defense mechanism employed by intense children. One war's defense mechanism would seem to have no part in child life, but children are more cunning than most parents realize.

In a child this defense mechanism is harder to analyze than in a grown-up. We soon expect it from grown-ups and make allowances for it, but alas, parents can't seem to fathom the depths of their own children.

I have in mind one little girl who has been with me for about four years. This too successfully employed her defense mechanism for more than one year. I had her struggling in an absolutely wrong channel.

For more than a year she beat herself about from the other children. Cold and reserved, she displayed none of the ordinary play and herding characteristics of most children. She was grumpy, and would fly off the handle at the slightest pretext.

Finally, I decided to stage a scene from "Romeo

and Juliet" and selected this angry child to play the part of the tragic heroine of the story.

The child's emotion and depth astounded me. True, the portrayal was a bit off balance, but the zest and vim for the make-believe role amazed me.

It was easily one of the happiest moments in the tot's life. For the first time in her career she had responded to a corrective treatment.

At the conclusion of the play, she came to me voluntarily and thanked me for letting her take an active part in the playlet. Her enthusiasm was really and truly spontaneous. Never before had the child distressed me in any but a touching, aggrieved manner.

It was then that I discovered her latent defense mechanism. The little lass had been so much that she had not dared to let me see that she might have misused her affective nature. The play was the vital spark that broke her defense mechanism.

Ever now, after nearly three years that we have worked and played together, there is no outward show of her sensitive reaction for me.

I have shared a true understanding with the child. Occasionally, after I have allowed her to do something that has pleased her partly truly, she will run up to me and kiss me hastily. She then attempts to hide for days as I, ashamed.

I send her to camp every summer, and usually she takes her departure in a matter of fact fashion. When the letters start, and each missive is more cordial and responsive than the last, finally her letters contain a few kiss marks, but we never mention this to each other once she returns. Even a chance remark on my part would be fatal to the results.



A child such as this need not fear a distorted nervous makeup later in life, provided parents heed Miss Mack's advice.

Your Grouch Box

Your likes and dislikes in radio are very important. Radio readers strive constantly to smooth out the rough spots which cause listeners to develop radio grouches. But broadcasting still is the baby of the arts—therefore many radio faults are still to be corrected.

Will you help to free the air of flaws?

If something in radio bothers you, send your criticism to Your Grouch Box in care of Radio Guide. For if some practice or method in radio irritates you, the chances are that it bothers thousands of other listeners, too—and by stating your complaint frankly, you not only will get your grouch off your chest—you may be instrumental in getting the cause of your grouch off the air, besides.

"More old-fashioned music!" this fan demands.

Dear Editor: My pet peeve is lack of old-fashioned music on the air. Every time a good old-time program gets under way, and I get my mind back, it gets away from me. Or else they put it on at such a late hour at night that nobody can hear it, unless they stay up half the night. And anyone who gets up at six o'clock every morning and works hard all day doesn't fancy staying up till midnight.

If they would only take some of the orchestras or other junk off I think they might let us have one old-time program a day, anyway, and now even Bradley Kincaid's gone. So I say put the Westchester Harp back on again or the Platt Pete or some other old timer.

Nora C. C.

MRS. VERA BUSCH

Another listener objects to local stations' cutting into chain broadcasts.

Dear Editor: Who wouldn't

be a grouch? A pet station of mine announces a good chain program and after about five minutes it is cut out and we get a "learned" announcement about some one's coffee. The chain program is resumed for another five minutes and then it cut out for someone's long-life motor oil.

Do we have to put up with this mixture of high-spirited demagogues running programs that we enjoy?

St. Joseph, Mo.

D. J. TALBOTT

Flashes of Best Fun

Gene: Now you're so smart, I suppose you can tell me why my car is full of electricity.

Cliff: Sure, it's connected with a dry cell.
—Sinclair Minstrels

Flo: Papa used to go to conventions until his stomach went back on him.

Len: Too much food.

Flo: No. He wore his stomach all out of shape trying to get it over on his tables.

Len: I see. The first he got it under the table, eh?

Flo: He didn't he ever expected to get anything to eat. He couldn't reach the table.

—Grennaniers Variety Show

Harry: Irb was a jockey then. I was riding in the Grand National. I slipped. And at the fourth jump his horse came a cropper. Irb was thrown.

Ray Perkins: Heavens! It was thrown! Didn't the other jockeys kick him?

Harry: Why should the other orse come off the way back to kick Irb's horse?

—Palmer House Revue

George Jessel: I haven't seen any other radio comedians out here at the race track, but after all what can you steal from a horse?

—Belmont Stakes Broadcast

Meadows: Who is the genius, sir? Where did you get that?

Durante: His name is Professor Zodiak. I went to the lobby of the Ritz hotel to get some statuary and Zodiak accidentally bumped our heads together. We were both reaching for the same eight ball.

—Chase and Sanborn

Meadows: A genius? What sort of a genius?

Durante: A theatrical genius. You know one of those guys that lock themselves in a room all day, pace up and down and fear their hair out. I used to be a genius too. Look at my hair!

Meadows: But, sir, you still have some hair left!

Durante: That's because I quit the racket a long time!

—Chase and Sanborn

Johnny: To cheer, can I be excused from school?

Ray Perkins: What do you want to be excused from school for?

Johnny: So I can make three dollars.

Ray: How do you make three dollars? Teacher would like to know that!

Johnny: I can make three dollars at the high-lar, sir.

Ray: Nonsense, you can't wash eagle!

—Palmer House Revue

This listener probably will welcome the forthcoming closer co-operation between Washington and broadcasters, to prevent unfairness in advertising.

Dear Editor: Why not regulate the advertising? Many separate chains are disgusting and a real toll to average listeners.

Lavinia Mae

MRS. H. T. PAYTON

Honest English and no affectations, poses or mannerisms is what this fan demands of radio stars and announcers.

Dear Editor: I've been looking you up for some time. When I listen to Phil Harris and Ted Dwyer with their funny voices and their the fashion reporter type and the one who talks about cows and roads, I'm in the mood for the good old-fashioned English. Why don't you pick up some of these old-time announcers?

—MRS. R. P. HILSON

Radio could progress more rapidly than it is doing, says this critic.

Dear Editor: My radio grouch is this: Why can't we have some of the wonderful things right NOW that are proposed for radio in 1934 by the engineering and the government? Radio Guide recently started.

For example, one of those scientists says that in a hundred years people will be able always to find the place they want, because of the radio programs always will be able to find their way back. Spectacular! But why can't we do that? Start a ABC and DEF radio network. A lot of things could be done if the engineering and the government would get together and start a radio network that would be a real thing, not just a radio guide.

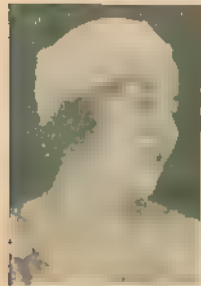
Dorothy L. W.

—L. MARY BURKE

The Voice of the Listener

Murder And The Vanities

Dear VOL: I have been reading the "Murder and the Vanities" column in the "Radio Guide" for some time. I am interested in the "Murder and the Vanities" column in the "Radio Guide" for some time. I am interested in the "Murder and the Vanities" column in the "Radio Guide" for some time.



Graydon M. Healy

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What Price Glory?

Dear VOL: I have been reading the "What Price Glory?" column in the "Radio Guide" for some time. I am interested in the "What Price Glory?" column in the "Radio Guide" for some time. I am interested in the "What Price Glory?" column in the "Radio Guide" for some time.

Rhumba Rumbles

Dear VOL: I have been reading the "Rhumba Rumbles" column in the "Radio Guide" for some time. I am interested in the "Rhumba Rumbles" column in the "Radio Guide" for some time. I am interested in the "Rhumba Rumbles" column in the "Radio Guide" for some time.

Of Thee, Husing

Dear VOL: I have been reading the "Of Thee, Husing" column in the "Radio Guide" for some time. I am interested in the "Of Thee, Husing" column in the "Radio Guide" for some time. I am interested in the "Of Thee, Husing" column in the "Radio Guide" for some time.



Josephine Herman

This department is solely for the use of the readers as a place in which to voice opinions and exchange views about radio. You are at liberty to speak freely so LET'S GET TOGETHER AND TALK THINGS OVER. Address your letters to VOL, editor care of RADIO GUIDE, 423 Plymouth Court, Chicago 14. You are urged to send in your photograph when writing but failure to include a picture will not bar your letter from publication. RADIO GUIDE assumes no responsibility for returning your photograph but will be as glad as possible in handing it. Whenever it is possible, letters are used in the power of their receipt.

Popular Juvenile

Dear VOL: I have been reading the "Popular Juvenile" column in the "Radio Guide" for some time. I am interested in the "Popular Juvenile" column in the "Radio Guide" for some time. I am interested in the "Popular Juvenile" column in the "Radio Guide" for some time.

Pines For Cohan

Dear VOL: I have been reading the "Pines For Cohan" column in the "Radio Guide" for some time. I am interested in the "Pines For Cohan" column in the "Radio Guide" for some time. I am interested in the "Pines For Cohan" column in the "Radio Guide" for some time.



William T. Burns

The Delphine Oracle

Dear VOL: I have been reading the "The Delphine Oracle" column in the "Radio Guide" for some time. I am interested in the "The Delphine Oracle" column in the "Radio Guide" for some time. I am interested in the "The Delphine Oracle" column in the "Radio Guide" for some time.

Orris Gets At The Root

Dear VOL: I have been reading the "Orris Gets At The Root" column in the "Radio Guide" for some time. I am interested in the "Orris Gets At The Root" column in the "Radio Guide" for some time. I am interested in the "Orris Gets At The Root" column in the "Radio Guide" for some time.

Unorthodox Jackie

In response to a letter signed "A Hellfire" in a recent issue, Little Jackie Helle addresses a note of appreciation to be forwarded to the writer. Because she failed to sign her name the letter cannot be forwarded. Since this is so characteristic of some artists to accept such letters as their due and completely ignore the writers, RADIO GUIDE bows to Jackie's fine sense of gratitude and prints his letter herewith in the hope that it will reach the eyes of the person for whom it is intended. It is RADIO GUIDE's hope that the audience snubbers union of radio talent will not boycott Jackie as unfair to organized egotists.

Dear VOL: I have been reading the "Unorthodox Jackie" column in the "Radio Guide" for some time. I am interested in the "Unorthodox Jackie" column in the "Radio Guide" for some time. I am interested in the "Unorthodox Jackie" column in the "Radio Guide" for some time.

Tex Us To Task

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Sol Weaver

The Old Standby

Dear VOL: I have been reading the "The Old Standby" column in the "Radio Guide" for some time. I am interested in the "The Old Standby" column in the "Radio Guide" for some time. I am interested in the "The Old Standby" column in the "Radio Guide" for some time.

In Praise of Humber

Dear VOL: I have been reading the "In Praise of Humber" column in the "Radio Guide" for some time. I am interested in the "In Praise of Humber" column in the "Radio Guide" for some time. I am interested in the "In Praise of Humber" column in the "Radio Guide" for some time.

Adolessons

Dear VOL: I have been reading the "Adolessons" column in the "Radio Guide" for some time. I am interested in the "Adolessons" column in the "Radio Guide" for some time. I am interested in the "Adolessons" column in the "Radio Guide" for some time.



Mina W. Wasserer

Stars Thank Radio

Dear VOL: I have been reading the "Stars Thank Radio" column in the "Radio Guide" for some time. I am interested in the "Stars Thank Radio" column in the "Radio Guide" for some time. I am interested in the "Stars Thank Radio" column in the "Radio Guide" for some time.

In Daze of Old

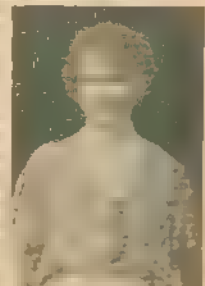
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Cut Off Detail

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The Lost Roundup

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Josephine Wasserer

The Sea Wolf

Another Thrilling Detective Story in the Series "CALLING ALL CARS"—Actual Crimes Portraying Radio as the Defender of Law

By Moorehead Green

But when the police found the body of the man who had been shot, they found a note pinned to his chest. It was a letter from the man's wife, and it was written in a woman's hand. The letter was dated the day before the man was shot, and it was addressed to the man's home.

The letter was written in a woman's hand, and it was dated the day before the man was shot. The letter was addressed to the man's home, and it was a letter from the man's wife.

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Alderman and his wife and six children seen as he lived the better half of his Jeky Hyde existence

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James Horace Alderman photographed in his room as he wrote the last of a long series of letters to his wife

The letter was written in a woman's hand, and it was dated the day before the man was shot. The letter was addressed to the man's home, and it was a letter from the man's wife.

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\$5,000 IN CASH

For Solving RADIO GUIDE'S

NAME-the-STARs Contest!

Set No. 12



NAME OF THIS

RADIO STAR IS



NAME OF THIS

RADIO STAR IS

THE RULES:

WHO IS ELIGIBLE? This contest is open to every one except employees of Radio Guide and their families. It is FREE.

WHAT TO DO? Name the Radio Stars represented by the cartoon pictures appearing each week in Radio Guide. Two pictures will appear in each consecutive issue. There are thirty pictures in all—representing thirty radio stars or teams. All stars used in the contest will be those whose names appear in the pages of Radio Guide.

WHERE TO SEND? Send all pictures up to us here the complete series. Please write to Name the Stars Contest, Radio Guide, 423 Commercial Avenue, Chicago. With your name and address of 20 words or less giving your name and address and enough which give the star or team in this contest you like best and wish.

NOTE: If a team is represented, the team name will count as one. Name, address and signature will not be counted as part of the 20 words allowed for the letter required.

Name, address and signature will not be counted as part of the 20 words. All entries must be in by midnight fifteen days after the date of issue containing the last set of pictures.

THE JUDGES: \$1,000 in cash prizes will be paid by Radio Guide to the persons who send in the best answers in accordance with these rules. A Committee of Judges will be appointed by Radio Guide and its decision in all matters will be final. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

NO HARD WORK! This contest is presented solely for your entertainment. Just test your skills. You do not have to solve a subscription or do any other work. You do not even have to buy Radio Guide. You may copy or trace the pictures. Radio Guide may be examined free at our offices, at libraries or at Radio Stations.

440 BIG CASH PRIZES!

- 1st Prize.....\$1,000
- 2nd Prize.....500
- 3rd Prize.....250
- Next 2 Prizes \$100 each 200
- Next 5 Prizes \$50 each 250
- Next 20 Prizes \$25 each 500
- Next 50 Prizes \$10 each 500
- Next 360 Prizes \$5 each 1,800

440 PRIZES TOTALING \$5,000

NOTICE!

For back copies containing previous sets of pictures in this contest see your newsdealer

Music in the Air

By Carleton Smith

(Time Given is Eastern Daylight)
Symphonies—and more symphonies!—now over twenty hours of note-work time is filled with broadcasts by long airwaves.

The 1934-35 season starts under Auspices of the International Society of Music. The first broadcast is a new concert for the purpose of giving even more and better music to the public. The first broadcast is a new concert for the purpose of giving even more and better music to the public. The first broadcast is a new concert for the purpose of giving even more and better music to the public.

Mr. DeLamater's concert is a new concert for the purpose of giving even more and better music to the public. The first broadcast is a new concert for the purpose of giving even more and better music to the public.

Sibelius' First

Under K-L-R and the Detroit Symphony continue to entertain large audiences at the Ford Gardens on Cass and Lake Streets. Carlisle's first broadcast shows his mastery of taste and improves his reputation as a composer of symphonies.

He has chosen music at random from Beethoven, Brahms and Grieg and as the audience is devoted attention, evidently is there to stay. You can present any type of music, even the least famous, if it is the best of its kind.

This week Mr. K-L-R starts from his private collection of two symphonies by Beethoven, the first of which is a new concert for the purpose of giving even more and better music to the public.

Sibelius is without doubt the greatest of composers and yet he has still to make his name in the United States. His music has been very slow in coming to the notice of the public and it is only in the last few years that he has been the victim of a campaign for a critical legend.

His music is not only great, it is also new. It is a new kind of music, a new kind of music, a new kind of music. It is a new kind of music, a new kind of music, a new kind of music.

"Dreamer and poet of nature, I am!" Sibelius is not a part of the romantic tradition. His dream may seem to turn inward upon himself, but it is unable to find rest in the legitimate exercise of anguished.

But they are the product of a deeply emotional nature, the most personal the last of the living composers.

The first symphony is the proper place to begin a study of Sibelius. Listen Sunday (CBS at 4 p.m.) or hear this symphony work and listen to the Pickles' last show.

Mr. K-L-R's Tuesday afternoon program (CBS at 4 p.m.) includes March "Swallow Procession" by Sodergren, Overture to the opera "The King of the Desert" by DeLamater, Two Homages (A flat major and F flat minor) by DeLamater, and Songs by Schubert and selections from Victor Herbert's "The Fortune Teller."

Galician Singer

The Galician singer, who has been singing in the United States for many years, is now singing in the United States for many years. The Galician singer, who has been singing in the United States for many years, is now singing in the United States for many years.

The Galician singer, who has been singing in the United States for many years, is now singing in the United States for many years. The Galician singer, who has been singing in the United States for many years, is now singing in the United States for many years.

ess gather to hear them. They have been singing every day for two weeks on NBC, and are now scheduled for a broadcast Sunday at 1:30 p.m.

A 10-17H of the International Society of Music, the first broadcast is a new concert for the purpose of giving even more and better music to the public. The first broadcast is a new concert for the purpose of giving even more and better music to the public.

DeLamater's concert is a new concert for the purpose of giving even more and better music to the public. The first broadcast is a new concert for the purpose of giving even more and better music to the public.

Albert Spalding played his final recital for the season last Wednesday, and departed for a well-earned rest. He has completed the longest series of continuous radio recitals yet played by any major concert artist.

THEIR meeting with the latest date Saturday will be the last of the season. The first broadcast is a new concert for the purpose of giving even more and better music to the public.

Albert Spalding's concert is a new concert for the purpose of giving even more and better music to the public. The first broadcast is a new concert for the purpose of giving even more and better music to the public.

NBC Program Lines

A 10-17H of the International Society of Music, the first broadcast is a new concert for the purpose of giving even more and better music to the public. The first broadcast is a new concert for the purpose of giving even more and better music to the public.

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Liberal Reward for True Mystery Stories

of crime mysteries in which the writer has a part. The writer has a part in the story, and the writer has a part in the story. The writer has a part in the story, and the writer has a part in the story.

A 10-17H of the International Society of Music, the first broadcast is a new concert for the purpose of giving even more and better music to the public. The first broadcast is a new concert for the purpose of giving even more and better music to the public.

GET NEXT PICTURES IN NEXT WEEK'S RADIO GUIDE

Program Locator

(In Eastern Daylight Time Subtract One Hour for Eastern Standard)

[illegible]

New Programs, Changes

(Eastern Daylight Time Shown)

Sunday, July 1

Channel 10's *Street* will be replaced by *The Good Times*. It will be a new comedy series from ABC. The series will be set at 11:30 a.m. on WFLA.

The comedy *Lawman* will be replaced by *The Dick Van Dyke Show*. It will be a new comedy series from ABC. The series will be set at 11:30 a.m. on WFLA.

Paul Anka will be the host of *Saturday Night Live* on WABU. The series will be set at 11:30 p.m.

The *Frank Sinatra Show* will be the guests of *Shirley Temple* on the *Frank Sinatra Show*. It will be a new comedy series from ABC. The series will be set at 11:30 p.m. on WFLA.

The *Frank Sinatra Show* will be the guests of *Shirley Temple* on the *Frank Sinatra Show*. It will be a new comedy series from ABC. The series will be set at 11:30 p.m. on WFLA.

George Jessel's *Variety Hour* will be the guests of *Shirley Temple* on the *Frank Sinatra Show*. It will be a new comedy series from ABC. The series will be set at 11:30 p.m. on WFLA.

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Monday, July 2

Alfred Hitchcock's *Thriller* will be the guests of *Shirley Temple* on the *Frank Sinatra Show*. It will be a new comedy series from ABC. The series will be set at 11:30 p.m. on WFLA.



TESSA CARDEL

Well, anyway, that's the American form of spelling the name of the famous Aunt Jemima now heard from *Shirley Temple* on the *Frank Sinatra Show*. It will be a new comedy series from ABC. The series will be set at 11:30 p.m. on WFLA.

George Jessel's *Variety Hour* will be the guests of *Shirley Temple* on the *Frank Sinatra Show*. It will be a new comedy series from ABC. The series will be set at 11:30 p.m. on WFLA.

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Tuesday, July 3

William Shatner's *Planet of the Apes* will be the guests of *Shirley Temple* on the *Frank Sinatra Show*. It will be a new comedy series from ABC. The series will be set at 11:30 p.m. on WFLA.

George Jessel's *Variety Hour* will be the guests of *Shirley Temple* on the *Frank Sinatra Show*. It will be a new comedy series from ABC. The series will be set at 11:30 p.m. on WFLA.

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Wednesday, July 4

The *Frank Sinatra Show* will be the guests of *Shirley Temple* on the *Frank Sinatra Show*. It will be a new comedy series from ABC. The series will be set at 11:30 p.m. on WFLA.

Thursday, July 5

The *Frank Sinatra Show* will be the guests of *Shirley Temple* on the *Frank Sinatra Show*. It will be a new comedy series from ABC. The series will be set at 11:30 p.m. on WFLA.

Friday, July 6

A National Television Association Program will be the guests of *Shirley Temple* on the *Frank Sinatra Show*. It will be a new comedy series from ABC. The series will be set at 11:30 p.m. on WFLA.

The *Frank Sinatra Show* will be the guests of *Shirley Temple* on the *Frank Sinatra Show*. It will be a new comedy series from ABC. The series will be set at 11:30 p.m. on WFLA.

Saturday, July 7

Martin Luther King Jr. will be the guests of *Shirley Temple* on the *Frank Sinatra Show*. It will be a new comedy series from ABC. The series will be set at 11:30 p.m. on WFLA.

On Short Waves

Under the name of *Radio Guide*, this publication has been a staple of the radio industry for many years. It provides a comprehensive guide to the radio industry, including a listing of radio stations, their frequencies, and their programming. It is a valuable resource for radio enthusiasts and industry professionals alike.

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RADIO PREVIEW

OF THE NEW FEATURE PICTURE

"Of Human Bondage"

RKOS debut which features Leslie Howard and Fette Davis

SUNDAY NIGHT, JULY 1

9:30 E.S.T. 10:30 E.D.T.

Columbia Network

in Borden's "45 MINUTES IN HOLLYWOOD"

Edward Everett Horton in Person
Hollywood Music by Mark Warnow!
Studio Gossip by Cal York...

*For stations—see Radio Guide Listings

DEVELOP AND PRINT YOUR OWN PHOTOGRAPHS

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Peeping into the Local Studios

[illegible]

The first piano solo broadcast over KDKA back in the early days was played by Francis Conrad. Today Francis Conrad is manager of KDKA.

THE BETHANY GIRLS heard over

By Murray Arnold

WDFC with Wednesday at 7:45 are Ad-
miral Norman M. MacLennan, Hazel
Admiral and Surgeon General.

HAROLD KNOX and his band leave the C. & O. for Canton in Pullman for a session that will be led by one extracted by the train conductor to meet with a few friends. *Home boys and Senators*, black and white comedy team, through with engagement at KIDKA and on to New York where they have signed for new network series.

ELIZABETH STODOLSKA, renowned pianist, will introduce a new series of Sunday evening recitals over WAAB and Yankee network at 8:30 p. m. WFLN will start broadcasting its new wave length of 920 kilohertz the last week of July, with a gala program directed by the general. Bill Buxton will introduce the new lay-out . . . The Kelly Sisters, who made the r

Reviewing Radio

(Continued from Page 4)

is from a radio artist who prefers to remain anonymous. For reasons you will soon perceive.

Dear Mr. Porter: I have just written a letter to an artist who is going to save me on a commercial program. Here is what I wrote:

I do not hesitate to recommend the Oakland Veil Underwear Company to a very wide circle seeking a commercial. It was a great pleasure for me to give sixty-two exhibitors of the contract was of great value to me. Further when I learned that the cost of the president of the company, that my sister at work. I don't mind it. I am a 45 piece contract at a price which caused me to lose five hundred dollars each week. At exhibition of the exhibit of the sponsors and the members of her time made me forgetful about my loss.

"I must confess how happy the spirit made me when he stated that I could go anywhere. The Oklahoma Veterans. The name has become so famous along the routes that now all other veterans refuse to have me for fear my former sponsor will join in at their expense. So now I'm faced with the prospect of being without a job for the next two or three years.

"It is a great pleasure for me to recommend the Japanese Company to all

debuted on the Parkburg Variety Program
has a record set in the series, shows over
100,000 viewers. The 20 women and child-
ren attend the WIP period. The
series is a popular one. Tuesday, the
series is being featured. The (over-
sight) of the series. Not a title of
the series. The success of the series after
the series. The series is being featured by
the series. The WIP program director and
producer. The series can now
get complete returns through WDRC
and the Yankee network from Monday to Fri-
day at 6:30 a.m. on Saturday and Sunday
at 6:15.

BUFE EG121 musical director of KDKA is Martin B. heritage was born in Canton, Pa., and attended French school for the last four years of his life. *Paul Macneil* singing at the Tower Six Sky Rendezvous of the Water Root. The new vocal trio on the Grubel sponsored "Five Truthful Minutes" program aired over WIP daily at 10:30 a.m. belongs to Alvin Gruber, Grubel ad executive and brother of Ben Gruber, of NBC announcing fame.


prospective artists. Let me tell you that such sponsors are few and far between—thank Heaven!”

That winds up the letters, and nearly winds up my weekly chore, but before signing off I must tell you of a bit of history that seems to be in the making.

Last week Loc 1806 of the Musicians Union, announced that steps were about to be taken to stop live stage performances by radio artists. The complaint was mainly against Fred Baring whose local concerts the union says after each broadcast—and two other performers. The local took up the issue. It is understood he has each time performed tried to keep people away from the stage where other musicians are earning a living.

Right in the midst of this impending action by the Music Hall board comes that Communist (1) who sponsors the *Henry Jackson Club* Daily broadcast. We insist rights has applied to the National Broadcasting Company for permission to charge an admission fee to guests. If granted the proposal will provide a net sum each week the total of which will be turned over to the Musicians Benefit Association.

So in signing off may I give three
rousing cheers for Continental Oil whether
the plan goes through or not?

 **DO YOU**
want to go
on the AIR!
Then Read
this Book—
**“So-o-o-o You’re Going
On The Air”**
by ROBERT WEST
with original EDDIE CANTOR comedy scripts
and material by FRED ALLEN.
**Buy the Book all the
Radio Stars are reading!**
HERE is a complete part of the contents:
First Steps in Radio Recalling, Facing the
Microphone, Comics of the Ether, Writing
for the Radio, with examples of Comedy and
Drama Scripts, Women and Radio Success,
Training of the Radio Actor, The Announcer,
Building of a Program, Professors Amos ‘n’
Andy, Sports Announcing, The Future of
Radio, etc., etc.
— Step by Step —
THE RADIO SPEECH PRIMER
the first book to show the correct way to
speak on the air and
THE HANDY RADIO GUIDE
Essential information for the radio fan.
Over 200 pages packed with fascinating up-
to-the-minute facts and stimulating sugges-
tions for everyone interested in broadcasting.
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 Radio Scripts or any other kind of work. Good
 pay. Free. No experience necessary. Part-time.
 or a whole day. No competition.

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 CHICAGO**

RADIO GUIDE
PROGRAMS
Lee Lawrence
with
LEN BAYLINSON pianist
and
FRED VEITH guitarist
WIP
Mon., Wed., Sat., 1 P.M.
WLIT
Mon., Fri., 5:15 P.M.

[illegible][illegible]

WRVA—
11 30 EDT pm EST 10 30
NBC—
WCHL WFLI WRIC WTVT
NBC—
WRZ WRAM WMAL WUSA WBAL
WBZ
WFAP
WBAC
WJZ
CBS—
WRVA—
11 45 EDT pm EST 10 45
CBS—
WNM WFLI WHPA
WGTV
WRVA—
12 00 Mid EDT EST p.m. 11 00
NBC—
CBS—
WRVA—
12 30 am EDT EST p.m. 11 30
NBC—
CBS—
NBC—
WFAP
1 00 am EDT EST Mid
CBS—
Herald
WLW
1 30 EDT a.m. EST 12 30
WLW
2 00 EDT a.m. EST 1 00
WLW

High Spot Selections For Tuesday

Time Given is Eastern Daylight

4 00 p.m.—Detroit Symphony, CBS WABC network
7 00 p.m.—Morton Downey, CBS WABC network
7 30 p.m.—Browne and Llewellyn comedians, NBC
WEAF network
8 00 p.m.—Lander and Old Lace, Frank Munn
tenor, Marge Wynn soprano, Henschel's or
chestra, CBS WABC network
8 30 p.m.—"Accordion Vienne" Segal, Abe Ly-
man's orchestra, CBS WABC network
9 00 p.m.—Ben Bernie's program, NBC WEAF net

9:00 p.m. - George Givot Greek Ambassador of
Giov. W. CBS WABC network
9:30 p.m. - Richard Himber and his Studebaker
Carmen Jones Nash local CBS WABC net
9:30 p.m. - Prime Time Promenade Gae Page
Betsy Brown, comedienne, Ray Perkins m.c.
Harold Shonka orchestra NBC WEAF network
10:00 p.m. - Pammye Beall Box Theater, Robin
Mood, Gladys Swenson chorus, Cara Lu
n Em guests NBC WEAF network

Night

6.00 EDT pm EST 3 00
 NBC - D - - - - - WJZ
 WHAM A, WBVA
 CBS - - - - - WABC
 WO - - - - - WSY
 W - - - - -
 NBC - - - - -
 - - - - -
 KDKA - - - - -
 WCSH - - - - -
 WEEL - - - - -
 WG - - - - -
 WNAC - - - - -
 WOR - - - - -
 WRVA - - - - -

6:15 EDT pm EST 5:15
NBC-
WFLX
CBS-
WTVT
CBS-
KDKA
WBZ-
WFSH-
WFI-
WGY
WNAC
WRVA

6:30 EDT p.m. EST 5-30

NBC—
WABC—
NBC—
CBS—
NBC—
WBAL—
WCAU—
WEEL—
WLW—
WNAC—
WOR—
WRVA—

6:45 EDT pm, FST 5:15
NBC—W...
CBS—W...
NBC—W... WJZ
WB... WWS... WWS... WWS...
WWS... WWS...
CBS—W... WWS...
WJZ... WWS...
WCAU—W... Hall and
WCSH—W...
WEE...
WGY...
WOR—W...

7:00 EDT p.m. EST 6:00

NBC Local Rep. e WVA
CBS—M Dux e WABC
WNY WOPR WAT W A VAC
NBC—A B WAB WIZ WBAL
WBZ KWKY WLV RYA WMAL
NBC—L and s after p m no
WASH WEFT WII WIII
WHAM—e
WOR—I L M S e

7:15 EDT p.m. EST 0:15
 NBC—WABC WABC WABC WABC WABC WABC WABC WABC WABC WABC
 CBS—WABC WABC WABC WABC WABC WABC WABC WABC WABC WABC
 WABC WABC WABC WABC WABC WABC WABC WABC WABC WABC
 NBC—WABC WABC WABC WABC WABC WABC WABC WABC WABC WABC
 WABC WABC WABC WABC WABC WABC WABC WABC WABC WABC
 KDKA—WABC WABC WABC WABC WABC WABC WABC WABC WABC WABC
 WLW—WABC WABC WABC WABC WABC WABC WABC WABC WABC WABC
 WOR—WABC WABC WABC WABC WABC WABC WABC WABC WABC WABC
 WABC WABC WABC WABC WABC WABC WABC WABC WABC WABC

7:30 EDT p.m. EST 6:30
NBC-Bud Browne and A Lowelyn,
WABC WY WY WY WY
CBS-L... WABC WDRB
WABC WABC WABC WABC
NBC-L... Government;
WABC WABC WABC
WBAL-N...
WEEI-N...
WHAM-N...
WLW-N...
WNAC-N...
WOR-N...
WVVA-N...

7:45 EDT p.m. EST 6:45
 NBC—The Home Show WJZ
 WHAM With
 CBS—Barbara Carter, eds WABC
 WNY WJAS WCAU WISY
 NBC—The Goodies With WHI
 WFF, WSH, WCY, WJL
 KDKA—Lauri Folsom, The Rest, Or-
 chestra
 WBZ—Linda Carter Quartet
 WLW—Marilyn Mascher
 WRVA—Ramon Reson

Afternoon

12.00 Noon EDT EST a.m. 11:00
CBS—The Voice of Excellence WAR
WABC WABC WABC WABC WABC
NBC—The Voice of Excellence WAR
WABC WABC WABC WABC WABC
KDKA—The Voice of Excellence WAR
WBZ—The Voice of Excellence WAR
WLA—The Voice of Excellence WAR
WOR—The Voice of Excellence WAR

12:15 p.m. EDT EST a.m. 11:15
NBC - Great Escape WJZ WBAL
A & A WHAM KDKA
CBS - M P 50's 50's WABC
WKO WBZ WAAB WIAS WCAI
WHR WJSV
NBC - Joe Blos so on WFAP WRC
WIEI WTR WIVA WIII
WBZ - Weather Market Reports
WCSH - News Fria Hines
WGY - Vedio and H
WLW - The Town oral tra
WMAC - A de at Weather
WOR - s. e. 1.5 on Chr are Hys
12:30 p.m. EDT EST a.m. 11:30
CBS - 15 Band c Orchestra
WAB WKO WJSV WCAI WIAS
WAB
NBC - A and Sade comedy sketch
WJZ WAI WBAL WHAM KDKA
WIVA WBZ
NBC - M x Macaps WFAP WTR
WHR WCAI WIW
WCSH - Stocks and Weather Reports
WEEI - Stock Exchange Quotations

WJSV - Gene Stewart, Mayor
WNAC - Sam Long, Municipal Atty
WDR - Jim Avel, Frank Paye, the
Public Access

2:15 EDT pm. EST 1:15
CBS—Repeats of Helen Hunt WABC
WABC
WESH—FBI Hour
WGY—Hawaii Chats
WNAC—As First in the Area, CBS
WOR—L. Sue earned a harp o

2:30 EDT p.m. EST 1:30
NBC—The Today Show WJAZ WJW
WY WNC WOSH WFFL WLIT
CBS—Sports Illustrated WABC WOKO

WDRB WIP WJAS WJSV WLBZ
WNAC
NBC ~~Pisano~~ Reital WJZ WBAL
WMAL WJAY

KDKA—More Fun
WBZ—Love and Cadence
WCAJ—Women's Club of the Air
WOR—Men's Dinner: Fashions, Food.

Do not call T.S. Wang
WRVA—My next Report.
2.45 EDT p.m. EST 1:45
NBC—Please let me know WJZ WYMA

WJIM WH/ WBAL
NBC-M. P. 10:00 sketch WEAF
WRC W V WFI WIT WLW
WCSH-M. 10:00 Program

WRVA-H... Car... violins!
3.00 EDT p.m. EST 2:00
NBC-B... Room... Loupes WEAF WFI
WCSH WRC WTIC

WCAU—(Detroit) 5 p.m. (CBS)
WCAU—(Detroit) 5 p.m. (CBS)

5.00 EDT p.m. EST 4.00
CBS—1 p.m. 12:30 p.m. WABC

WBZ-TV is on the Market.

WCAJ - 10:15 a.m.
WGY - 1:00 p.m.
WOR - 4:15 p.m. (Repeater)
5:15 EDT p.m. EST 4:15

CBS—New York WABC WABC WABC WABC
WABC WABC
KDKA—New York
WBZ—New

WGY—See *Vacationers*
WHAM—*News Police News*
WISV—*News 10*
WOR—*See I Got A Time*

3:30 EDT p.m. EST 4:30
NBC—*The 1st Mar* WFAA WRC
WOSH WDEB WTK WGY WFIL
CBS—*Jack Armstrong* WABC WJCO

5.45 EDT pm EST 4:45

NBC-Little Orpheus Anne WJZ
WB4, KFKY WMAZ WBZ WRVA
WTV

Have taken you to a department store
to buy a new pair of *McKinnon* shoes. I
the next day took you to the same writing
store to buy a new pair of shoes. I took you to
the same store to buy a new pair of shoes. I
took you to the same store to buy a new pair
of shoes. I took you to the same store to buy
a new pair of shoes. I took you to the same
store to buy a new pair of shoes. I took you
to the same store to buy a new pair of shoes.

I have been thinking of you a great deal lately, and wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but I have managed to find some time to write to you. I have been thinking of you a great deal lately, and wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but I have managed to find some time to write to you.

And that's exactly why we are still so famous. It may be anything from the way we (as individuals) have worked to the program put week in and week out. But nobody seems to care. And each and every celebrity gets a bigger and better than ever busy year.

In fact, we attended a celebrity party recently. Maybe you've been there? They call it the Midnight Flyers. It happens every Monday at the Blackhawk Restaurant in Chicago, with a WGN pickup.

BUT THIS WAS bit bigger than the matter of counts in the steakhouse which cost the restaurant *Frankford Hall* *Acquaintance* in the past. *Plum* *Acquaintance* took charge of it at midnight. He did a grand job the whole evening through a few *Acquaintance* except that we carry on down that was the 'greatest party' of them all. We did a *Acquaintance*. But it's in the spirit of a *Acquaintance*.

Here, of course, we are not talking about a property of the material, water must do a lot of things before it can be said to be the rounds of a stone, and it is not a property of being so that must be noted in a basic predicate representation so that we will be able to say that a good old water is not a brick. We are not talking about

No. W T IF - W - - - - -
C - - - - -
Date - - - - -
H - - - - -
N - - - - -
A - - - - -
P - - - - -
L - - - - -
E - - - - -
F - - - - -

[illegible]

I have been thinking of you very much lately,
 and wondering how you are getting on.
 I hope you are well and happy.
 I have been very busy lately,
 but I will try to write to you more often.
 I have been thinking of you very much lately,
 and wondering how you are getting on.
 I hope you are well and happy.
 I have been very busy lately,
 but I will try to write to you more often.

An older man, I think, had been
talking to her for some time, but she
had not been listening. Her eyes were
fixed on the man, and she was looking
at him with a look of intense interest.
He was a man of about fifty, with
gray hair and a friendly smile. He
was wearing a dark suit and a white
shirt with a dark tie. He was looking
at her with a look of intense interest.
He was a man of about fifty, with
gray hair and a friendly smile. He
was wearing a dark suit and a white
shirt with a dark tie. He was looking
at her with a look of intense interest.
He was a man of about fifty, with
gray hair and a friendly smile. He
was wearing a dark suit and a white
shirt with a dark tie. He was looking
at her with a look of intense interest.

There ought to be a law against 'em
And no more wars.

On 11.21.8, nothing made in the
last 12 months at R_{max} R_{over}
for the latest season. I would make
low tide in this morning high tide
Dredging Survey. I will be in the
last 12 months at R_{max} R_{over} in the
last 12 months at R_{max} R_{over} in the
last 12 months at R_{max} R_{over} in the

[illegible]

Will Willson's new book, *Struck by her own heart*, the 1999 Broadway musical, is a stage New York City story. Willson's new book, *Struck by her own heart*, is a stage New York City story.

"A nice plum pudding to NBC or a sponsor who gives little Jackie Heller a regular night spot—or does Bernie have him under contract?"

There is a very good reason for this. The
 first of the two main reasons for the
 second of the two main reasons for the
 first of the two main reasons for the

הנהגתו של המושל בן-ציון היתה נכונה ונבונה.

The following table shows the results of the
 first trial. The results of the second trial
 are given in the next table. The results of the
 third trial are given in the next table. The results of the
 fourth trial are given in the next table.

"Prunes to Rudy Vallee for his rendition of 'The Man on the Flying Trapeze' Walter O'Keefe should have heard it!"

When it comes to the time the plans can be put into effect, we can expect to see the return of the *Hilltop* to its original location. In the meantime, a range of late-afternoon spots to fill *Hilltop*'s ongoing strategy, and the new lineup is enough to consider *Hilltop* that he can again get into a studio. —SLOAN, p. 13

AND NEW AND RECENTLY
 HEREIN THE FIRST OF JULY
 WASHINGTON D.C.

for the first time, making a vacation of his pet avocation, that of song writing, and taking it with some pride while in the west coast, but some of these days he told Left Hander who he thought was in the Windy City.

Pepper, a botanist, and spy has been in the United States Army substitution agent and farmer. He has rumors that Secretary of War William B. Taft may be at the White House later this summer as well as Secretary of State. The next time

[illegible]

WILLIAMS: I have the impression that the American Medical Association is the only body that is not interested in the

\$\$\$ SONG WRITING \$\$\$
BIG ROYALTIES

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CAN BE CHANGED

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For more information, write to: **Face-Lift Treatment, 1234 Broadway, New York, N.Y.**

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Tune In Every Sunday at 3:45 P. M. via WINS.

KDKA 10
WLW
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Bandstand and Baton

The concert band is a reminder that the music of the past is still alive and well. It is a music that has been passed down from generation to generation, and it is a music that is still being played today.

Many of the most famous concert bands in the world are based in the United States. These bands have been playing for many years, and they have become a part of the American musical heritage.

It is a great pleasure to be able to hear these bands play. Their music is a reminder of the good times of the past, and it is a music that is still being played today.

CONTRARY to published reports, *The Chicago Tribune* reports that New York has told him that he is not to return to his job in Chicago. A man who has been working under his former boss, I have not heard from him since. I am sure that he will be back some time in September. Meanwhile, he is working on his present assignment, and he is still on the road. I am sure that he will be back some time in September. Meanwhile, he is working on his present assignment, and he is still on the road.

WAYNE, who is now in the other end of the country, is still working on his present assignment. He is still on the road, and he is still working on his present assignment. He is still on the road, and he is still working on his present assignment.

It is a great pleasure to be able to hear these bands play. Their music is a reminder of the good times of the past, and it is a music that is still being played today.

It is a great pleasure to be able to hear these bands play. Their music is a reminder of the good times of the past, and it is a music that is still being played today.

for the rest of the season, and the new White House. The new White House is a beautiful building, and it is a great pleasure to be able to hear these bands play.

It is a great pleasure to be able to hear these bands play. Their music is a reminder of the good times of the past, and it is a music that is still being played today.

It is a great pleasure to be able to hear these bands play. Their music is a reminder of the good times of the past, and it is a music that is still being played today.

and the Spanish Village. The Spanish Village is a beautiful building, and it is a great pleasure to be able to hear these bands play.

It is a great pleasure to be able to hear these bands play. Their music is a reminder of the good times of the past, and it is a music that is still being played today.

It is a great pleasure to be able to hear these bands play. Their music is a reminder of the good times of the past, and it is a music that is still being played today.

It is a great pleasure to be able to hear these bands play. Their music is a reminder of the good times of the past, and it is a music that is still being played today.

Radio Road to Health

(Continued from Page 10)

ing which cannot be found in observation, but which is a very real thing, or the mind, and it is a very real thing.

Q What is the best treatment for athletes? A The best treatment for athletes is a combination of physical and mental training. Physical training is the foundation of any athletic program, and it is a very real thing.

It is a great pleasure to be able to hear these bands play. Their music is a reminder of the good times of the past, and it is a music that is still being played today.

It is a great pleasure to be able to hear these bands play. Their music is a reminder of the good times of the past, and it is a music that is still being played today.

morning feeling rested. Are you in the complete state of mind which you have been in? Have you lost weight recently? Have you lost weight recently?

It is a great pleasure to be able to hear these bands play. Their music is a reminder of the good times of the past, and it is a music that is still being played today.

It is a great pleasure to be able to hear these bands play. Their music is a reminder of the good times of the past, and it is a music that is still being played today.

It is a great pleasure to be able to hear these bands play. Their music is a reminder of the good times of the past, and it is a music that is still being played today.

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TODAY'S LOWEST PRICES

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12x19	\$1.15	14x22	\$1.15
12x20	\$1.15	14x23	\$1.15
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Death Valley Gems

(Continued from Page 5)
and enterprise go friendliness and hospitality towards the stranger.

In appearance, these people are a good deal like New Englanders—long and lean. Few of the men wear whiskers, perhaps because of the heat. Many of them have bad teeth.

Perhaps the most colorful character in all the desert is Death Valley Scotty, the prospector who built a sumptuous palace in this wasteland! Scotty's spectacular stunts have made the front pages of newspapers from coast to coast—but one thing he keeps strictly private is the location of his gold mine. Many people have tried to follow Mr. Walter Scott to his mine, but none ever has succeeded—perhaps because they didn't keep closely enough behind him, out of consideration for the two six-guns he wears strapped low for quick action.

The Home of Peace

The theme song of the desert, Miss Cornwall says, might well be "Home on the Range." The calm philosophy of the people brings a wealth of truth to the line: "Where never is heard a discouraging word." Even in their attitude towards time and money, Death Valley people are different from the rest of the world. They have an almost Oriental indifference to time. Witness:

Two old prospectors who had been friends for years, one morning set out for Goldfield, a mining camp. One of them had just bought a car. "Why say," he drawled to his friend, "I'll be in Goldfield in two hours. You an' your old burros won't make the town till tonight!"

The man with the burros leaned over and spat. "Uh-huh," he said. "You'll be in Goldfield in two hours—and what're you gonna do when you get there?"

Many people keep track of the days of the week by watching the trains come and go. The little railway, sonorously named "Tonopah and Tidewater" because it goes neither to Tonopah nor to Tidewater, runs three trains in and out every week. Is today Wednesday or Thursday? You can always figure that out in the desert by remembering how long it has been since the last train!

It's because of this indifference to time that Mrs. Smith never got her curtains hung. Her name, incidentally, is not Smith—but there's no use hurting her feelings by publishing her real name. Back in 1907, her husband refused \$1,000,000 for a gold mine.

Packed for 27 Years

"I was sitting right in that chair," he told Miss Cornwall, pointing to a wide, lounging old rocker, "when this fellow offered me the million. I had just sent East for Mrs. Smith, and she got here, bag and baggage. But I told her not to unpack; I was going to sell the mine, and I told her that most likely we'd be moving right out. Well, when this fellow offered me a million, it got me to thinking. You see, I'd only intended to ask half a million—so when he came through with such a big offer, I changed my mind and asked for five million. He wouldn't pay it, and I haven't had a real good offer since."

And then Mrs. Smith apologized because

there were no curtains on her windows. "You see," she said, "I'm not unpacking the curtains because we're apt to move out any day—just as soon as Henry sells the mine." For 27 years that woman has kept her curtains packed and her windows bare, always believing she and her husband might move out "any day!"

No more are they slaves to money than to time—these desert dwellers. Billy Murray, the "mayor" of Virginia City, used to be a cashier for Tex Rickard, in the town of Goldfield. Billy has handled literally millions of dollars for miners, prospectors, gamblers—keeping account of it simply in an old grocery-store order book—and not once did anyone think of questioning Billy's figures.

Billy's system was the height of simplicity. Men would come to him and ask him to act as banker. Many an individual, bent on a spree, would park his money with Billy first, for safety's sake. And Billy simply would write the man's name at the top of a page, and place the amount owing to him underneath. If the money wasn't all withdrawn at once, he would subtract whatever sums were taken, so that at a glance he could always tell just how much any one of his neighbors had coming to him.

Forgetting \$1,000

One night, a rangy Westerner shoved \$1,000 into Murray's hand. "Chicken feed, Billy," he said, "but it's all I got, an' I'm going to get roaring drunk tonight. Will you keep it for me?" Billy did—and it was some weeks before he saw the man again. "Billy, I'm broke—can I have ten bucks?" he said. "Sure," said Murray, handing him the ten, and deducting it, in his book, from the man's thousand. In a few days the rangy one came back and asked for another ten. "That'll be twenty I owe you," he said. Murray looked at him. "Say," he said, "have you forgot you left a thousand dollars with me to

take care of? You've got \$980 still coming to you." "Yeah?" said the desert rat casually. "Guess it musta slipped my mind. Keep it for me, will you, Billy?"

But this desert indifference to money applies only to the money actually on hand—not the money a man expects to make. Making it is a game that's played to the full, for its thrills. Only when it is accumulated, does cash become unimportant. Everybody, young and old—and the dry desert air lets people live to be very old—thinks and talks and dreams about prospecting, making big strikes. The day Miss Cornwall arrived, the Chinese restaurateur in a nearby town had made a fortune, and everybody was talking about it, and wondering if the desert were going to lose a good cook. The Chinese had "grub staked" a prospector on shares, and the old sourdough had struck it rich.

A One-Man Town

And in the ghost town of Bodie lives Old Jim Cain, who is trying to get rich another way. Years ago, Bodie was a thriving mining camp. It has many stores and houses, all empty now, all standing on the desert's dusty face, well-preserved but indescribably lonely. There are many towns like Bodie, close to Death Valley. People would leave whole towns behind, sometimes in one big migration when a vein of ore worked out, or another strike was made somewhere else, starting a new stampede.

And now Old Jim lives all alone, in Bodie. He owns the town. He has bought it up, dollar by dollar at tax sales. And as gaunt Old Jim walks through the deserted schoolhouse, which still has faint chalk-marks of uncompleted sums on its blackboards, he has perfect faith that Bodie will "come back" some day—and that when the day comes, he will be a rich man, with stores and building lots and houses to sell. He's been waiting about 40 years for that to happen—but time means so little on the desert. And besides

—he owns the graveyard, too.

And so Ruth Cornwall goes among these philosophical, kindly, hard-living people and gleans from them the stories of a life very remote from most of America. She respects these men and women, and they know it, and talk to her. What's more, they listen to her program more eagerly than any other on the air, and argue with her bitterly when she selects one version of an old story as against another version. But they like the way she makes them talk, over the air—and so thoroughly have they accepted her as one of themselves that they even forgive her for being a New York girl with a Vassar degree. But then, the code of the West is like that—a man's past is his own business.

Uncle Ezra

The Old Jumping Jenny Wren
—Himself—



The Old Man with the Young Ideas
Full of Pep—and Rarin' to Go

Every Saturday Nite

The NATIONAL BARN DANCE

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COAST-to-COAST

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WJZ-WBZ

10:30 P.M. EDT

Sponsored By Alka Seltzer

10:15 EDT p.m. EST 9:15

NBC—Guy Lombardo's Orchestra;

WLW WFI

NBC—Dandies of Yesterday: WJZ

WMAL WBAL WHAM

KDKA—Temperature and Weather

WOR—Musical Program

WBZ—Time; Temperature; Famous

Sayings; Old Farmer's Almanac

10:30 EDT p.m. EST 9:30

NBC—Guy Lombardo's Orch.; WRVA

WGY WCHS WRC WEEI WTIC

CBS—Elder Michaux' Congregation;

WABC WOKO WAAB WDRC WJAS

WLBZ WJSV WCAU

NBC—ALKA SELTZER PRESENTS

Barn Dance; Uncle Ezra; Hal O'

Halloran; Linda Parker; WJZ

Programs to
Be Heard

WNAC—Yankee Yarns

WOR—Dion Kennedy, Organ

10:45 EDT p.m. EST 9:45

NBC—The Siberian Singers: WFAF

WCHS WRC WGY WFI

WNAC—Sport Page and Baseball

Scores

11:00 EDT p.m. EST 10:00

NBC—Enric Madriguera's Orchestra;

WFAF WGY WCHS WRC

CBS—Sylvia Froos, songs: WABC

WJAS WAAB WOKO WDRC WJSV

WAAB—East Hines' Orchestra

WEEI—E. B. Rideout

WNAC—News

Saturday, July 7

WOR—Bert Block's Orchestra

11:15 EDT p.m. EST 10:15

NBC—Press Radio News (5 Min.);

WFAF WFI WGY WRC WCHS WTIC

WEEI

CBS—Press Radio News; (5 Min.);

WABC WDRC WJAS WJSV WLBZ

WTIC

11:30 EDT p.m. EST 10:30

NBC—Press Radio News (5 Min.);

WJZ WBAL KDKA

NBC—Freddie Berren's Orchestra: WJZ

WBAL KDKA

CBS—Glen Gray's Orchestra: WABC

WCAU WNAC WOKO

Continued from
Preceding Page

NBC—Paul Whiteman's Orch.; WFAF

WEEI WGY WRVA WRC

WLW—Harry Lee's Orchestra

WOR—Anthony Trini's Orchestra

11:45 EDT p.m. EST 10:45

CBS—Johnny Johnson's Orchestra;

WABC WCAU WNAC WOKO WLBZ

WDRC WJSV

12:00 Mid. EDT EST p.m. 11:00

CBS—Buddy Wolcott's Orch.; WABC

WCAU WNAC WOKO WJSV

NBC—Carefree Carnival: WFAF WLW

WCHS WEEI WGY WFI

NBC—Jack Denny's Orchestra: WJZ

WHAM WMAL WBZ WBAL

KDKA—DX Club

WOR—Roger Van Duzar's Orchestra

12:15 a.m. EDT EST p.m. 11:15

CBS—Glen Gray's Orchestra: WABC

WNAC WDRC WJSV WLBZ WIP

WTIC

WEEI—Carefree Carnival (NBC)

12:30 a.m. EDT EST p.m. 11:30

CBS—Jan Garber's Orchestra: WABC

WOKO WNAC WJSV

NBC—Vincent Lopez' Orchestra:

WJZ WBAL KDKA

1:00 a.m. EDT EST Mid. 12:00

WLW—Tal Henry's Orchestra

1:30 EDT a.m. EST 12:30

WLW—Moon River, organ and poems

2:00 EDT a.m. EST 1:00

WLW—Harry Lee's Orchestra

The Sea Wolf

(Continued from Page 13)

rail of the cutter which he had commandeered single-handed, looking down at them and waving a gun in either fist.

"Stick your hands up and keep 'em up!" Alderman yelled furiously.

There were five guardsmen aboard the rum-runner. Four of them—Tuten, Hollingsworth, Lehman and Caudle—obeyed the order. The fifth, John Robinson, snatched up a wrench from the deck of the speed-boat and hurled it into the face of the man with the gun.

Alderman ducked, and the missile sailed on to smash a port in the cutter's deck house.

He raised his gun, and Robinson turned and dived overboard. A torrent of hot lead followed him as he went beneath the surface, but Robinson was a good swimmer and he knew what would be waiting for him when he came up. He went deep down, fighting his way under the rum-boat, and finally came out on the weather side, where he was out of sight of the man with the gun.

Here Robinson clung by his fingernails to the cracks in the side of the boat, and prayed that no shark would come swinging near by to notice his plight. Yet compared with the little man who stalked the deck of the commandeered Coast Guard cutter, a shark was a mild and friendly beast.

"Come back aboard your hell-ship, you scum!" he ordered the four remaining guardsmen. They had no choice for it, but clambered over the rail. Alderman was giving instructions to Weech, waving his gun . . .

The last to come was Lawrence Tuten, Boatswain's Mate. He managed to dip out of sight for a moment, snatch up a bottle of whisky from the broken cases, and dump its contents into the carburetor of the speed-boat. Afterwards he was never sure just why he had done it, but the idea struck him that it might be a good thing to try to put the rum-boat out of commission. It was a feeble and desperate effort, but its effects were to be far-reaching.

The Guardsmen and the Secret Service man were lined up in the stern sheets of the Coast Guard cutter, while Alderman stalked up and down before them, waving his brace of pistols.

"Go on below and smash the gas lines!" he was roaring at Weech. "I've got two of 'em already, and I'm going to blast the rest of 'em with their own guns and set fire to the tub!"

It was a pretty combination of charges that the rum-runner was laying himself open to—at first he had faced nothing worse than two to five years for violation of liquor laws, but now he had added murder, barratry, piracy, assault, to say nothing of attempted arson.

Weech slid down the engine-room hatch of the Coast Guard boat, and found Lamby moaning under the engines.

He kicked the guardsman into consciousness. "Smash the gasoline lines!" he ordered.

Lamby shook his head. "I—I can't move!" he moaned.

Weech didn't know his way around the engine room. He picked up a pipe-wrench and began to beat the wounded man. "Do what I say or I'll smash your skull!"

Lamby weakly tried to pull himself away from the other. His voice came faintly through the open hatch to the little group who waited in the stern sheets under the menacing guns of Alderman.

"I can't do it—not if you kill me!" screamed Lamby. "I can't move!"

Weech could waste no more time on the wounded man. He took the pipe-wrench and smashed blindly at the pipes and valves near him. By sheer luck he struck one of the gasoline lines which run between vacuum tanks and carburetors, and was rewarded by the spurting of gasoline.

"Got it!" he yelled triumphantly, and hoisted himself aloft.

He found Alderman alone on the speed-boat, but still covering the men on the cutter. "I got the engine room full of gasoline," reported Weech.

He was ordered to get Lamby up on deck. "He can't move, Horace. You crippled him. Let him lay . . ."

Alderman didn't like the looks of that. "You take this gun and go down and blow his head off!" he demanded.

Weech shook his head.

"Go on! You're in this as much as I am. Take the gun!"

"I can't hit nothing with a gun," complained Weech. "If you're going to fire the boat that'll take care of

the guy in the engine room."

The captive guardsmen listened to this dialogue helplessly. Webster tried to argue. He pointed out that it was insane to murder eight men over a cargo of liquor.

"That cargo's worth two thousand dollars!" said Alderman savagely. "And there'll be none of you to bear witness against me!"

It was the old doctrine of "dead men tell no tales." The man intended to shoot them down in cold blood, fire the cutter, and then speed away in his own boat. A blackened hulk would sink beneath the surface, and sharks would do the rest. No word of the crew of the CG 249 would ever get back to Fort Lauderdale.

"Hurry it up!" Alderman ordered. "Fire the boat!"

Weech was in the spirit of the thing by this time. He saw at last that they had a really good chance of getting away with it . . . cargo and all. Nothing ever could pin the crime on them, once this cutter went

gas lines and thus had failed to empty the tanks as had been planned.

But one thought flickered in the brain of Victor Lamby. He knew that he was through—knew that there was no hope for him with his shattered spine.

But still duty urged him forward—the same impulse which had made him make a blind and foolhardy rush for the armory when the prisoner suddenly murdered his superior officer. The flame crept toward the gas . . .

Somehow—it is almost beyond human imagination—Coast Guardsman Victor Lamby hitched and fought his way across the oily, gasoline-soaked deck and beat out those menacing tongues of flame with his own hands, with his own body!

Then he passed out, a blackened, charred object—but a hero.

Up above, the madman's plans were nearly perfected. Robinson, the man who had hurled the wrench, had been hauled aboard and lined up with his comrades. Alderman was going to take no chances of a body floating back to shore—he knew that burned bodies sink to stay sunk.

Robert Webster, the mild-mannered and scholarly Secret Service operative, made another plea for the lives of himself and his fellows. "For the love of Heaven let us get into a small boat and pull for shore," he begged.

That gave Alderman a huge laugh. "You slob," he roared back. "I'm going to kill you first. You're one of those snoopers who sneak around trying to get something on good, decent citizens . . ."

Webster realized that his secret was out. "If you're going to fire the boat and run for it, hadn't you better start your own motor and get a safe distance away?" he shouted then.

He made the suggestion in hopes of saving them from the bullets of the madman. The flames beneath their feet would be bad enough, but to burn to death while lying wounded and helpless . . .

Alderman retorted that he wanted no suggestions from the Coast Guard and their like. But all the same, on second thought, he realized that the suggestion was a sane one. When the flames which, as he thought, would soon pour from the hold of the CG 249 were sweeping the cutter, his speed-boat would best be several lengths away.

He sent Weech below to start the motor, still keeping his gun trained on the men who stood in the stern sheets of the larger boat. A long delay came. The motor started, roared, and then died away. Tuten smiled grimly to himself. That whisky which he had dumped into the top of the carburetor had done the job.

Weech didn't know enough about gas engines to try draining the carburetor of the speed-boat. He fussed with the motor interminably. Once again he got it started . . .

Then it died. Alderman was fast losing patience. He turned to stare down into the hold of his own boat, and at that moment Special Agent Webster went into action.

He had stood helpless long enough before the guns of the killer. His pride was at stake. He had watched while two of the Coast Guards had been shot down in cold blood—and now, desperate and blind, he flung himself down to the deck of the rum-boat, and grappled with Alderman.

Hardly a step behind came Lawrence Tuten, followed by the others.

Now the attention of the madman had been distracted for a moment. It was a desperate chance against terrible odds, but they took it.

Webster grabbed Alderman's left hand, in which he was holding a .38. He tried a jiu-jitsu hold, twisting the arm back . . .

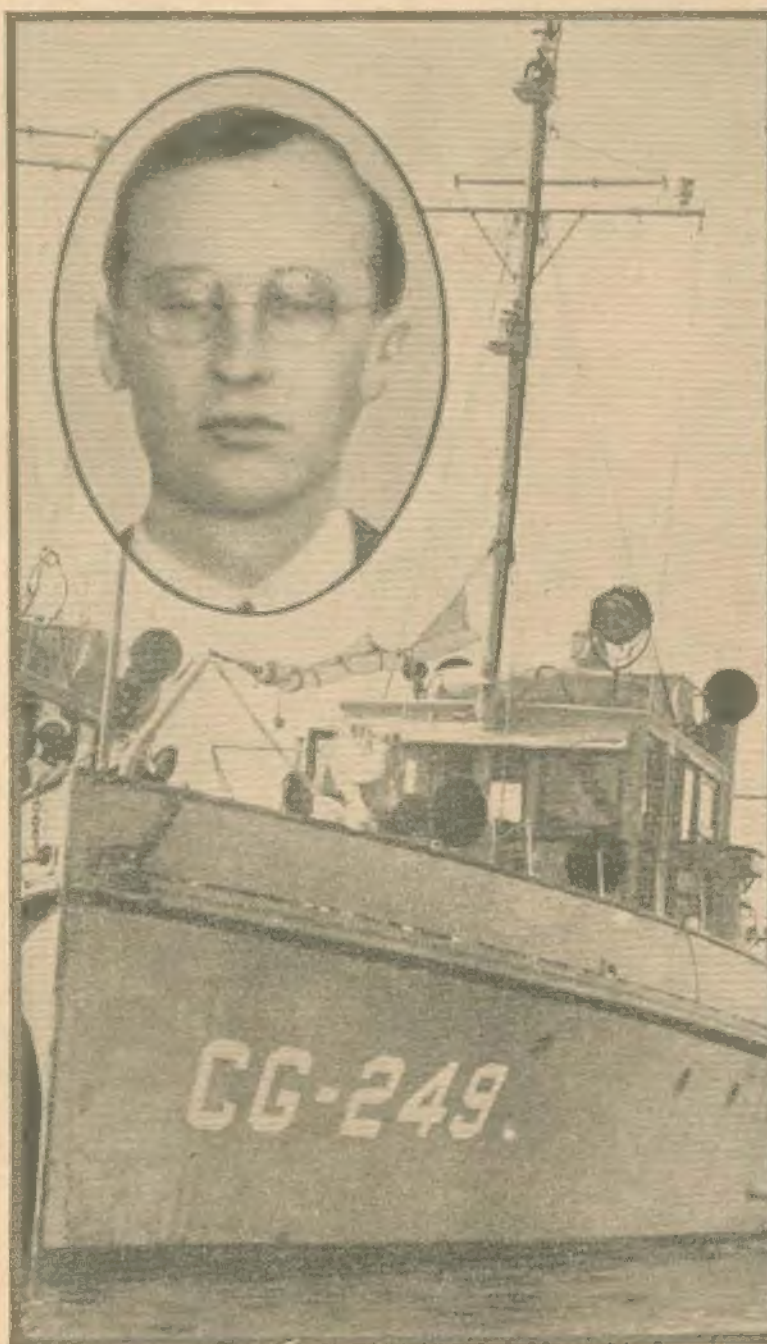
It was a noble try, but the odds were too great. Alderman, the wild and hairy little demon, jerked from his pocket the .45 which he had taken from the holster of his first victim, and pressing the muzzle against Webster's forehead he pulled the trigger.

Boatswain's Mate Tuten by this time had grabbed Alderman's other arm, and they wrestled across the deck. He was flung away by a quick shift on the part of the wiry little man.

Hollingsworth was the third Coast Guardsman to land on the deck of the rum-boat. He dived for the legs of Alderman, who raised his gun and sent a bullet through Hollingsworth's shoulder, flinging him backwards so that he toppled helpless into the water between the two boats, which were drifting apart.

Caudle, another of the Coast Guardsmen, by this time had dived head foremost into the hold of the rum-runner, where he was having a hand-to-hand battle with Weech.

But Alderman, master (Continued on Page 31)



Actual photograph of the Coast Guard Cutter CG 249, captured single-handed by a desperado of the high seas. The insert shows R. H. Webster, member of the United States' Secret Service, who with three others paid tribute with their lives to the berserk fury of a criminal at bay

into the fathomless depths of the sea with her cargo of dying men . . .

He lit a match and tossed it down into the engine-room hatch. It flickered . . . and caught suddenly as a bit of oily waste took fire!

Victor Lamby, the man who lay broken and beaten between the two engines of the cutter, was awakened from his death coma by the acrid smell of smoke. There were five gallons or so of gasoline sloshing in the hold—as luck would have it Weech had missed the main

The Sea Wolf

(Continued from Page 30)

of the situation still because of the two guns in his hands, stood like a wolf at bay—a sea wolf ready to rend its prey. In spite of the desperate sacrifice of Webster, in spite of Hollingsworth's brave attack, he still held the balance of power.

John Robinson, the fat, good-natured cook of the Coast Guard boat, because of his size was last over the rail of the cutter. Meantime, he had dashed into his own galley and come out with an ice-pick—the handiest weapon.

He hurled it, from the rail of the CG 249—and his aim did not fail. Straight and true the missile went, striking Alderman on the forehead just as he raised his gun to shoot down Tuten.

Alderman staggered, dazed by the force of the blow. He fired, blindly, and the bullet ripped across the waves beyond the boat.

But Robinson really went into action now. His long submersion in the water did not improve his temper. He leaped to the deck of the rum-boat, snatched up his ice-pick, and buried it six times in the chest of the would-be pirate!

Coast Guardsman Lehman in the interim had armed himself with a triangular boat-scraper, which he swung with such hearty good will upon the back of Alderman's skull that the man measured his length upon the deck.

All hands rushed to secure the remaining desperado, who came flying out of the forward hatch of the rum-boat, saw his partner lying helpless on the deck, and promptly dived overboard.

A stiff wind by this time had blown up from the east, and the mooring lines snapped. The two boats drifted apart.

Somehow, anyhow, the remaining guardsmen fished Hollingsworth out of the water where he had been paddling feebly with one arm. They lowered a dinghy which was on the deck of the rum-boat, and so got a line to the drifting cutter. Next they recaptured Weech, who was swimming out to sea.

It might have been better for Bob Weech if he had been able to make his escape and had gone on to take his chances with the Gulf Stream and the sharks. But he was hauled back aboard the Coast Guard cutter and put in irons.

Beside him on the deck lay Alderman, the quiet little man with the thick spectacles and the thick black hair on chest and arms. He, too, had been put in irons, for though wounded he still breathed.

Two prisoners in irons—Webster and Sanderlin stiffening under tarpaulins—Lamby and Hollingsworth dead or dying from their wounds—and the Coast Guard cutter disabled and drifting.

They were far off the regular course between Florida and Bimini now, with a whipping north-easterly gale howling around their ears. The CG 249 was disabled completely from Weech's deft work with the pipe-wrench, and the rum-boat was in almost as bad condition.

Commanding officers dead—half the crew disabled—the men aboard the CG 249 drifted helplessly down toward the Gulf of Mexico.

And then, over the horizon, like an answer to unspoken prayer, came the sharp prow of a ship.

The radio operator back at Fort Lauderdale couldn't understand why Boatswain Sanderlin didn't complete his message and stand by for orders. He spent a few minutes trying to call back to CG 249, and then reported to his superior officer.

"It's not like Sanderlin to be slipshod about a thing like that," the officers decided. They knew the course he had been given, which would take him to Bimini with his official passenger. They knew the drift of the Gulf Stream, and the force of the rising gale.

Finally a captain put his finger on a certain spot on the chart. "Go get 'em," he barked gruffly.

That was how Lieutenant Beckwith Jordan happened to come sweeping through the gale, straight as a ruled line to where the helpless Coast Guard cutter drifted with her captive rum-boat.

Horace Alderman's desperate attempt to beat a rap for liquor-smuggling by murdering eight men and burning their vessel, had taken less than three-quarters of an hour. But Boatswain Sanderlin's suddenly cut off radio message had contained enough information to set a course for the rescuers, and now everything was under control again. An officer—a real commissioned officer—walked the deck of the CG 249.

Lieutenant Jordan looked down at the hairy little man who had tried and failed. He knew him as a respectable business man of Tampa, a grandfather, a church member, and a member of the Chamber of Commerce!

"Mr. Alderman," he said, "I'll really enjoy seeing you hung."

But there still remained the law's delays. Public sympathy was raised for Alderman because of his civic standing in the community. He only had acted in self-defense after the Coast Guardsmen fired on his boat, said some. People pointed to his wife, his five children and two grandchildren.

There was a trial, where the Coast Guardsmen swore to the black and horrible truth of that 45 minutes aboard the CG 249. Mute witnesses were Sanderlin, Webster, Lamby and Hollingsworth, the four dead men. Weech saved his life by turning State's Evidence, but he was permitted to spend the rest of it only behind the bars of the Florida state prison.

After a long, drawn out legal battle, Horace Alderman, in spite of the tears and pleas of his wife, his daughters and granddaughters, was sentenced to hang.

Here another snag was struck. The State of Florida refused to hang him, although the Federal government prescribes hanging as the penalty for a capital offense against the government. But Florida had just adopted the electric chair as a means of execution.

"No electric chair for Horace Alderman," said the Coast Guard grimly.

Alderman waited in a cool and airy cell, amusing himself by writing long letters to his family, and by intensively going in for religion. But in spite of his pious frame of mind, he was dragged from his cool and airy cell one dull Florida winter's morning, and taken to Fort Lauderdale.

There at the Coast Guard base, in sight of the windows of the radio room where had been received the oddly cut-off message of Boatswain Sanderlin, Horace Alderman looked upon a gibbet erected in the doorway of an airplane hangar.

He whimpered and wailed and cried upon the God whose creed he had forgotten, to perform a miracle and save him. But the would-be pirate was doomed.

He stepped off into thin air before an audience which included every one of the men he had planned to murder in the midst of the Gulf Stream—and the last things he saw were the stern faces of the buddies of the four men he had slain.

In the radio room at Fort Lauderdale, a young dispatcher tapped his key and sent a message into Nowhere.

"Calling Boatswain Sanderlin," he said. "Reporting mission fulfilled—everything okay."

He broke off suddenly. "I wish Sanderlin could tune in on that message, wherever he is," he said aloud.

Lieutenant Beckwith Jordan pulled a green shade at the window, shutting away the sight of the twitching, hooded thing which dangled from the gallows.

"How do you know he can't?" snapped the Lieutenant.

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HARRY RICHMAN

As Seen Under The

MIKEroscope

By Lee Mortimer

Harry Richman is known as "The Beau of Broadway." He gets that monicker for two reasons. First—his clothes are the most startling in town. Second—more than any man in New York, he finds his name romantically linked with members of the so-called frail sex.

Richman doesn't talk about his clothes. They speak for themselves. But as for affairs of the heart, he says he doesn't plan to marry again until he retires from the stage. And that won't be until he has paid up his million-dollar annuity. He was married once. Also divorced.

During the past three years Harry Richman has been engaged—according to the gossip columnists—to at least five hundred women. Among them was Clara Bow. Richman doesn't like it. But the ladies do. Most of them are proud to be mentioned with him. That's because he is very much of a ladies' man. The Beau of Broadway was born 800 miles away from the Main Stem—in Cincinnati—on August 10th, 1895. He didn't see Broadway until twenty years later.

Harry's stage career started in 1911. He made his debut then as a member of the team of Remington and Reichman, violin and piano. He was the Reichman. He played the piano. Remington and Reichman first appeared before the footlights at an amateur night in Chicago. Fewer over-ripe tomatoes were hurled at them than at the other tyros on the bill. So they obtained a contract.

New York first saw the young singer as a member of the Jewel City trio direct from the Panama-Pacific Exposition in Frisco in 1915. But he didn't hit the Palace Theater until six years later. That was in 1921 when he appeared with Mae West. He played the piano, sang and did bits. This was the same year he first headlined, on the old Orpheum circuit.

Stardom came in 1926. He was in George White's Scandals when New York finally decided that he belonged in the top rank of theatrical luminaries. He has remained there ever since.

Harry Richman is one of the oldest radio entertainers in point of service in the country. He sang over WHN in New York in 1921 when he was appearing at the old "Wigwam." He has been on the air steadily ever since; for many years he broadcast from the Club Richman.

The singer seldom eats meat. His chief article of diet consists of fresh vegetables and fruit juices. He finds that a vegetable diet best helps him keep his health and his voice.

His favorite color in wearing apparel is green, but he goes in for anything loud and flashy. You may see him in a light tan suit, size 38; dark blue shirt; cuffless trousers; and tan suede shoes, size 7 1/2.

He wears nothing in bed. This makes him sleep more soundly.

Harry is athletically inclined. He flies his own plane, and goes in for swimming and boating. Sports keep him looking young. He appears eight years younger than he really is. Not a trace of grey is in his black hair, which he keeps well greased, but not enough to take out the curls.

He smokes cigarets incessantly. They don't bother his throat. He is a very light drinker. When he drinks it's mostly beer. His greatest passion is swearing. He can swear all evening without repeating himself once. Finds that it gives him immense relief. He gets so tired being the suave fellow.

Harry will not play in any cabaret in New York City unless it bears his own name.

He weighs 175 pounds and is five feet, eleven and a half inches tall. At first glance you think he is several inches shorter. Jewelry is a passion with him. He wears too much of it;



HARRY RICHMAN

but it's nothing to what he's going to wear when he gets the million-dollar annuity all paid up. Then he's really going to live.

Radio Guide will place some celebrity Under the MIKEroscope every week. Save the picture on this page. There will be 52 in a full set. This is the twelfth. You will get one picture a week for an entire year. To every person who sends to Radio Guide a complete collection of 52, will be given an album containing the entire group of photographs as reproduced here; the photographic reproductions will be in fine finish.

Start saving your series now. And watch for another celebrity Under the MIKEroscope in Radio Guide next week.

Don't Miss Morton Downey's Amazing Romance

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"Guns and
Grease Paint"

Next Week

The Terror of the Mike

Boners . . . they are the dread, the nightmare. B the creeping horror in the life of every radio artist and announcer! No one who speaks over the air, no matter how careful he may be, ever can be perfectly sure that sometime, somehow, he won't slip up and give the audience a shock, or at best a bit of entertainment that is absolutely impromptu, original and unexpected.

Frederic William Wile, noted Washington commentator, once let his pince-nez glasses fall to the floor just after opening a program with "Good evening, my friends." The next thing the listeners heard—as Wile stooped to rescue the things—was: "—those glasses!" It was only at the close of his scintillating political talk that the poor fellow, met at the door by a wild-eyed station manager, learned that the station

had been flooded with telegrams of protest—the telephone wires cluttered with indignant calls!

Don Ball, when an announcer for WABC, once had to cut in on the end of a remote-control program with the announcement "This is the Columbia Broadcasting System." Something went wrong, and he got the signal three times to say the same thing. The fourth time he said: "For the fourth and last time, this is the Columbia Broadcasting System"—and of course, THAT had to be the only announcement that went out!

George Hicks once said "Pill of Princeton" when he should have said "Prince of Pilsen"—and once again he announced a waltz number as being entitled "Jump the Waltz" when these words originally had been used merely to signify that the waltz was to be eliminated from the program!